PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST 1985 $3.50

U.S. EDITION

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The International Magazine for Men/August 1985 Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

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This month's cover features Angela Nicholas, who was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T70 camera and Tiffen filters. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 160.

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Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Tel (312) 565-0466. *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006. *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel. (213) 824-9831. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.
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HOUSECALL

BLUEPRINT FOR TYRANNY
You've probably never heard of the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), but after reading this shocking investigative report by Don Goldberg and Indy Badhwar, you'll never forget it. The authors, associates of Jack Anderson in Washington, D.C., have discovered that this shadowy agency, which remains out of reach of Congress, has established an unprecedented apparatus which could thrust the United States into a military takeover, with or without the president's cooperation. "The machinery now exists," they write, "that could instantly transform the freest nation on earth into a state like Poland, Russia, or Cuba." An unfettered, fearless press is often the only watchdog when our democracy is threatened . . . and this article is proof, once again, of that fact.

SEX GHOULS
Dressed with the cold sensuality of Transylvanian high society, Petra Plasm radiates deadly sex. After programming computers during the day, she programs men at night. Petra is a Sex Ghoul. Writer Robit Hairman tells us that this "new crew, looser and more decadent than the punks, are constantly searching for new and more bizarrely sensual characters to play. They actually feel liberated by the notion of nuclear war. Sex is always more passionate under a mushroom cloud." . . . You don't have to be a Sex Ghoul to enjoy Scot Morris's "Death Trivia," in this month's "Games" column. As Scot says, while most of us feel death is "morbid and sick," privately we're fascinated and drawn to hear more. And those of you with a lively interest in the subject are invited to participate in Scot's latest competition—for the best, wittiest epitaphs on any personality, living or dead.

THE SURVIVAL GAME
They're not Sex Ghouls—in fact, they're more likely to be Yuppies. But thousands of citizens are turning out every weekend to play America's most controversial sport: the Survival Game. "In fact," writes Paula Mann in "War Is Swell," the game "is so controversial that it's actually still illegal in some states." If you want to get a good idea of what all the fuss is about without getting your head shot off, Mann's article—with the dramatic photographs of Pulitzer Prize winner Eddie Adams—will put you safely right in the thick of the action. . . . A somewhat more up-to-date cerebral method of measuring bravery is available in Frank Donegan's psychograph this month, "Are You a Modern-Day Hero?"

"Our technological age," Frank tells us, "requires a new type of hero—one who combines the independence of the traditional hero with the ability to function smoothly in the world of corporations and bureaucracies." To this end, Frank's 25 questions let you see for yourself if you've got the right stuff.

HEARTLAND HERO
John Cougar Mellencamp became a rock 'n' roll star with his gritty, hard-driven ballads of life in America's heartland. And even though his records now hit the top of the charts, Mellencamp never strays far from his roots. As he told our Contributing Music Editor, Timothy White, Mellencamp grew up macho in Indiana—and he's stayed that way. For instance, he told White, President Reagan asked to use one of his songs in the reelection campaign. "I made it clear from day one that he just had to *forget it*! Reagan doesn't know nothin' about workin' people in the Midwest or anywhere else."

EYE-OPENERS
Robyn Beeche's stunning photographs are featured in our portfolio "Primitive Self," in which her unique approach to painting portraits is dramatically displayed. "My job," she says, "is to bring out the true persona of my subject." Whether or not she is successful at this, only her subjects know for sure. But her extraordinary creations will certainly take your breath away . . . as will, of course, those extraordinary creations of nature—our August Pets—whose stunning beauty is lavishly displayed for your summertime pleasure.

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Like we're one single moving part.
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"I saw you playing with yourself in the shower," she whispered. She left when I started to climax to keep me from seeing her."

PENTHOUSE **FORUM**

ENTHRALLED ENLISTED SISTERS

I'm a second lieutenant in the Army, stationed in Germany. This is my first duty station, so I'm pretty much alone here.

About two weeks ago I went to the showers about 11:30 PM. Usually no one's there at that time and the water is hot.

When I went into the changing room I noticed another woman's clothes but didn't think much about it. As I stepped into the shower room, I noticed a beautiful blond woman rinsing her hair. I stared at her body as long as I dared, but turned away the second she removed her head from under the water. I was really attracted to her. She was about five foot nine, slender, with long tapered legs and small but taut breasts. I couldn't see her face very well because she had her head down the entire time.

Wanting to see her face and body again, I removed my head from the shower's hot spray. Instead, all I saw was her leaving the changing room. Knowing I was alone and having been aroused by this woman, I stood under the warm water and started fingering myself. I then used the handle of my back brush to satisfy my yearning. I came furiously, holding onto the water pipes to keep from collapsing.

After I finished showering, I dried myself in front of a full-length mirror, admiring my body. My nipples stood erect on my 34D tits. Down past my flat stomach and 27-inch waist was my perfectly trimmed bush. I have long, dark-red curly hair, accented by a pair of green eyes.

When I started to dress I was sure I had brought clean panties, but none were to be found. I put on my robe, finished up in the bathroom, and went to bed.

The next day was Friday, so I decided to go out. After work, I cleaned up, put on a sexy black dress, lace stockings, and a pair of spiked high heels. Then I caught a cab to the officers' club.

The club had just started to get crowded when I got there. I ordered a drink at the bar and went to find a place to sit. I found a small table away from the crowd in a dark corner. My drink hadn't even come before some guy, half-drunk, asked me to dance. I just gave him a cold no without even looking at him.

When I finally looked up I found myself staring into the most beautiful pair of blue eyes I had ever seen. When I realized they belonged to the blond woman in the shower I almost went into shock. She sat across from me and introduced herself as Deb. She said she was a second lieutenant and had only been hired two months earlier. She said she remembered seeing me in the barracks and was wondering if I minded her sitting at my table. I said, "Of course not." I was glad to have her company. Then she shocked me.

She leaned over and whispered that she had heard me moaning in the shower room, and had run to the doorway to watch me. She left when I started to climax to keep me from seeing her. Deb told me not to worry because it really turned her on. Suddenly I felt her foot slide up my leg and rest in my crotch.

Deb looked into my eyes and asked me if I wanted to go to her room, where we could be alone. I don't even remember saying yes. It was like a dream. I drank my brandy in one swallow. Putting on my coat, I seemed to drift toward the door. Once outside, the cold air brought me somewhat back to reality. Deb caught us a taxi, and as we got in, I heard myself say, "My name is Tammi."

When we got to her room, she locked the door behind us and asked if I would like some wine. I said, "Sure." Deb brought me a full glass. Trying to calm myself, I drank it quickly. Deb went to the stereo and put on one of my favorite tapes. It was as if she had read my mind. She came back and sat next to me on the bed. She said that she wanted to make love to me. I told her that was what I wanted also, but that I was afraid.

Before I could finish, Deb leaned over and kissed me passionately. She pulled her head back and said, "Tammi, you're truly beautiful. I think I could fall in love with you." I told her I felt the same way about her.

She gently pushed me back and climbed on top of me. She began kissing my face and licking my ears. After a while she stood up and unzipped her pink jumpsuit. I was stunned to see that she was wearing the panties I had lost in the changing room. She explained that she had taken them, hoping she would see me again. Deb pulled me up off the bed, and asked me to take them off her. As I did, she unbuttoned my dress, letting it fall to my ankles, then took off my shoes, stockings, and panties.

Back on the bed, we began to explore one another. Eventually we worked our way into a sixty-nine position. I started things off by licking her swollen pussy lips, then darting my tongue in and out of her. I finally got to her clit and sucked it hard. Deb was doing a fine job on my pussy and it didn't take long before I had a shuddering climax. Deb came shortly thereafter with moans of sheer pleasure.

We lay next to each other for some time, holding each other, kissing. Deb then said that she wanted to give me more. *What more could there be?* I thought.

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

For seven years now, the radar detector experts have had one standard

(But don't take our word for it)

Over the years, one radar detector has been selected as the standard—time after time. But rather than just tell you about it, here are some of the things the experts have said about ESCORT—then and now.

1978

● ESCORT is introduced—the first dual band superheterodyne radar detector.

1979

● ESCORT's first review, *Car and Driver* tests twelve radar detectors.

"Only one model, the Escort, truly stood out from the rest."

"If you can imagine the Turbo Porsche of the radar detectors, this is it..."

"In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."

1980

● *Car and Driver* compares four detectors.

"...the Escort has gone on to become the most coveted piece of high-performance road equipment since the turbocharger."

"ESCORT Overall rating: Still the best; unmatched in either performance or features."

● *BMWCCA Roundel* compares ten detectors.

"Escort—the winner and still champion!! This design consistently outperformed the other products and is the standard to which the other detectors are compared."

"If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."

1981

● *BMWCCA Roundel* compares seven detectors.

"The Escort works. It's the best there is. In terms of what all it does, nothing else even comes close."

1982

● *Car and Driver* compares ten detectors.

"The ESCORT, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy."

1983

● *Car and Driver* compares six detectors.

"...live with a new Escort for a while and you'll realize that it has advanced new circuitry that should go down as a genuine breakthrough."

"The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."

● *BMWCCA Roundel* compares eleven detectors.

"The Escort has been continually updated over the years through an evolutionary development program."

"The Escort simply keeps getting better."

1984

● *Rotary Rocket* compares seven detectors.

"While there hasn't been a major facelift for some time, and why should there be for such a classic, the circuitry has undergone countless refinements to keep the Escort at the leading edge of technology."

1985

● *Car and Driver* tests twelve remote mounted radar detectors, comparing them to...

"We wanted to know how the low, front mounted detectors would compare with the best conventional radar detector from our previous tests, so we fed (an) Escort into our evaluation as a reference."

The result? The top placing remote unit collected 274 points under the scoring system. And Escort?

"You may be interested to know, however, that the same data-reduction would give the Escort a score of 412 points..."

● *Road & Track* compares ten detectors.

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STERLING

PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(U.S. edition)

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EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831.

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sr. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; *Australia:* Penthouse Editorial Services, Pty., Ltd., P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062, Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., Northern & Shell Bldg., P.O. Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, Eng.

AUGUST

What Deb had to offer, I was more than willing to receive. Before the evening was over, I had come three times. Being with another woman was nothing less than fantastic. I experienced sensations I never thought were possible. And when I came, it was sheer ecstasy.

Since then, Deb and I have moved into an apartment together. We spend every possible moment together.—*Name and address withheld*

TRY SOME NICE SPICE

As my husband, Richie, was leaving for work the other day, I casually mentioned that I was going to the beauty parlor to get my hair set in the "wet curls" style he loves. He gave me an enthusiastic kiss and left.

That night I greeted him at the door and showed off my set. He gave me a whistle and an appreciative slap on the behind. I noticed he had a package under his arm and asked him what it was. "Oh, just a little gift, but a conditional one" was all he'd say. "I'll tell you when you can see it," he said and disappeared down the hall.

After dinner, Richie said, "All right, Carol, I'll start the dishes and you can see your gift. It's in the bedroom." Curious now, I walked down the hall and opened the door. There on the bed was the gift—a designer tank top and string bikini. Actually, it was more like a G-string! The panties were wound around our Polaroid camera. I noticed the camera was filled with film and there was another full package next to it. The condition was becoming clear.

I must have blushed with nervous excitement. Thank God, I had been working on my suntan.

I decided I'd save putting on the gift for later and quickly stripped off my clothes. I threw on one of Richie's shirts and skipped barefoot back to the kitchen. When I got there, I threw my arms around him and gave him a kiss. "I accept your gift—and the condition," I said, as I raised the shirt to give him a full view of my pussy. "But I can't fit this," I said pointing to my bush. "How 'bout joining me for a shower and shave?" Richie didn't need any more encouragement.

My husband is a very tender lover, with slow, skillful hands. While both of us stood in the shower with the warm water running down our bodies, Richie knelt and slowly washed my body with his soapy hands. Every once in a while he would slip a finger inside my ass hole.

When we finished showering, Richie led me, almost formally, to the bed. He put down a big beach towel and had me lie on it. He propped my head up with a pillow and slipped out of the room. He reappeared with a bottle of wine and the portable cassette player. He handed me a glass and I put on the headphones. I began to listen to some rock music while he went to the vanity. He returned with the razor and shaving soap.

He kissed me again, and I took a long sip of wine while he carefully lathered my pussy. (Let me say now that any girl who hasn't had a man shave her is missing one of the biggest thrills around.)

Richie knelt over me, spread my legs wide, and began to shave me with short, rapid strokes. At first it kind of tickled, but as he went on, I got unbelievably horny. He had to caution me not to squirm. I didn't know at first if he intended to leave a little patch, but after a couple of minutes I realized he wanted me completely bald. As he finished, he patted off the soap with a warm towel and placed a light kiss on my hairless pussy, which by now was soaking wet—and not from the lather!

Richie removed the headphones and handed me the panties and top. "Show time," he said. As he fidgeted with the camera, I put them on and gave my hair one last brush.

Our nervousness began to wear off, especially since I found I liked posing and seeing the obvious effect my appearance had on Richie. After three or four shots, he said, "Carol, slip down the panties so we can photograph your suntan." I did as I was told, and I think I even surprised my husband with my boldness. In some of the poses, I had a dreamy kind of faraway look as I fingered myself. As the camera whirled, I spread my legs for Richie to come in for a close-up.

In no time we'd taken 20 shots. We shared some more wine while we slowly went through the pictures again and again. At last we settled down to one of the greatest lovemaking sessions we'd ever had. After some intense sixty-ninning, Richie turned me over onto my stomach. I knew what was coming and could hardly hold back my joy as he slowly began to massage my back with cocoa butter. When he reached my ass, he kneaded my cheeks and brushed my clit. I shivered, nearing orgasm.

Richie withdrew his finger and applied more lotion to my ass and legs, but avoided my vagina, tantalizing me further. He took my ankles and raised my feet, alternately massaging and sucking my toes. I could hear myself moaning loudly.

Slowly he began to lick around my pussy in slow circles. Eventually the circles got smaller and smaller. He gently fingered my clit. I can't remember how long he kept it up, but he knew this was my weakness. I lost count of the orgasms I had, but we laughed later when my neighbor told me over coffee the next day that I screamed for almost an hour.

We wish our fellow readers luck in their future sexual endeavors. Try a little spice like this in your relationship—it sure worked for us.—*Name and address withheld*

HOT CHILD IN THE CITY

I am writing to you from a plush hotel in a large city where I am attending a week-

NEW YORK'S GREAT ATTRACTIONS...
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long conference. Knowing how exciting this town is, I wanted to take full advantage of my time here. Yesterday I did something really and truly different.

Early in the morning I went to one of the fashionable hairdressers to get my long black hair cut in the latest style. The other women there just seemed to let the hairstylist take over, so I did the same. One hour later, when all was done, I had the shock of my life. My long hair was almost completely cut off, and what I was left with was a very short, soft-looking boyish cut! At first I was afraid, but when I got back on the street, I saw that no one stared at me. It was so short though—I mean I could actually comb it just by running my fingers through it.

As I began to shop I found myself paying more attention to trousers, jackets, ties—basic menswear. In fact, I ended up buying some of these stylish clothes. Finally, at a large department store, I couldn't resist any longer. I went into the changing rooms, took off my skirt, blouse, and high heels, and decided to wear my new outfit.

My breasts were a problem—they're 34Cs. I took off the bra and put on a real tight T-shirt and found that it flattened them nicely. My nipples, however, became very hard and protruded. Dressed in my new clothes and loafers, I wiped off my makeup. I looked like an 18-year-old boy, not a 25-year-old woman!

As I ventured out of the store, I noticed that no one paid the slightest bit of attention to me. Then came the supreme test—the men's room.

My legs were shaking, my pussy was soaked, and I thought my nipples were going to poke through my jacket. The other men didn't even notice as I washed my hands at the sink and bit my lip to hold back my squeals of excitement. Believe it or not, I was coming! This powerful reaction convinced me that my next stop would be a sex shop. There, I purchased a strap-on dildo. It was eight inches long, thick, and powerful. I couldn't believe I was doing these things.

In the next department store, I tried on some men's clothes and at the same time strapped on my latest purchase. Looking in the mirror, I saw the most exciting sight of my life: My short hair and lack of makeup made my face look like that of a youth. My deep breasts and now permanently hard nipples were something else. My huge cock hanging from my pussy was out of this world. I dressed quickly and left.

As evening was now upon me, I felt really charged and ready for action. Gradually, I made my way to a singles bar area, but something inside was pushing me to be more adventurous. Finally, I decided to go to a gay bar. Not a lesbian bar, but a men's bar.

As I entered I thought for sure that my legs would give way, but they didn't. I found myself ordering at the bar and looking around with great interest. There were some very attractive men there. Some were dancing, a few were kissing. I was definitely being given the once-over by a few.

I was in a permanent state of excitement. My pussy was wet, my nipples hard. Some men asked me to dance, and I finally accepted when this attractive blond guy named Paul approached me. After our dance I told him I was a college freshman, and as the evening progressed he held me close to him. Finally he kissed me on the lips, his strong tongue pushing past my teeth. I was very attracted to him and didn't know where this would lead. As we kissed on the dance floor, I sucked his thick tongue. His hands moved down and lightly stroked my ass while he pressed his thigh between my legs and rubbed it against the dildo. I moved my hand down to his crotch and cupped his balls. "For such a young man," he said, "you sure have a big cock. Why don't we go to my place?" My heart was pounding as I accepted. We took a taxi to his apartment.

I was in a turmoil as to what to do. He obviously thought I was a guy. When we got to his place, he put on some music and turned down the lights and started to kiss me passionately. He was now stroking my "cock" through my pants and moaning. I decided to take the lead and asked him to strip. He stood before me with his engorged seven-inch dick swaying. I grasped it with both hands and began fisting it as the head grew really big. He closed his eyes and moaned. Dropping to my knees (still fully clothed), I stuck out my tongue and licked the purple head all over before sucking it into my mouth.

His thick meat was really throbbing, so I popped it out of my mouth, stood up, and told him tc go into the bedroom to get ready for me. I gave my nipples a good hard squeeze to relieve their tingling itchiness and switched off the bedroom light as I entered.

Holding his tool in one hand, I got up on the bed with Paul. He groaned and twitched as I pumped his meat.

"I want your cock" was all he said. I was about to explode. My clit was throbbing. I beat him off hard. I could feel he was close to orgasm. Finally he screamed and his cock throbbed wildly in my hand. Stuffing it into my mouth, he shot load after load of sperm into me. Exhausted and spent, he seemed almost faint. I grabbed my coat and ran down the hallway. I took a taxi back to the hotel. I could not believe what I had done. *Me*—who'd gone to bed with a handful of guys and had pretty standard sex.

In my room I reversed the dildo and, as I pinched and squeezed my nipples, had one orgasm after another while I played back the events of the evening in my mind. I don't know what to do tomorrow, but whatever it is, it'll bring out something new in me.—*Name and address withheld*

LAYING DOWN THE LAW

Downtown is very quiet at night. The streets are deserted. The only movement in sight is the "street people" rolling their grocery carts down the sidewalks and the guards of office buildings.

It was 9 PM. when I parked in front of his office. I went to the door and told the guard that I had an appointment with my attorney. He mumbled something about nobody being in the office, and as I started to say that I was expected, the elevator doors opened and he walked out.

The elevator took us swiftly up to the 30th floor, where we entered his office. I produced from my purse a container of scotch and two glasses. Stan went to make us a drink while I slipped out of my panties and slip. He returned and handed me a strong drink. I took a sip, but at that time all I wanted was his sexy body pressed against mine and his tender mouth on my lips.

"You knew I wouldn't get any work done with you here, didn't you?" he said. I told him that I couldn't wait for him to finish so we could leave.

As we stood there with our drinks in our hands, he embraced me with such force that I don't know how I kept from spilling my drink down his back! We were hot. Stan kissed me with such a fever and passion that I thought my knees would buckle. He was excited immediately; he pressed his hard prick against me. I felt the moistness between my legs. Our desire for each other was so intense we could hardly wait for what lay ahead!

Stan suggested that we move into one of the larger offices which had a long brown-leather sofa. He lowered the lights, and we sat down to take another sip of our drinks. Stan continued to kiss me with that sensuous mouth of his, while one of his hands gently probed my pussy. It was time to get up and lock the door, which Stan did. He came back over to me and helped me lower the straps on my sundress, exposing my firm breasts for his sweet tongue to taste.

There was now a feeling of urgency, and he started to undress. Since we were in a law office, we had to keep most of our clothes on—which was just as exciting as being naked with him.

As I lay back on the sofa, he got between my legs. I guided his very hard prick into my wet, waiting pussy. He filled me up to the hilt and proceeded to pump slowly in and out of me. He had already made me come once by using his hand and now the vibrations were beginning again. Faster and faster, he banged into me with such power that I knew we were both not going to last much longer. He started to come and that excited me even more. I came again.

The office was very warm now. Stan's face was flushed, as I know mine was. He stayed inside me and I contracted my vaginal muscles to hold his prick right where it was, maybe for an hour or two at least! "You make me so excited," he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

"I would give anything to drive that ice cream truck by Betsy's house every day. My dreams are filled with heaps of whipped cream."

PET FORUM

Andi

RANDY FOR ANDI
Dear Andi Leigh,
People are usually so taken up with their daily lives that they rarely notice the beauty that nature provides us. But thanks to your May 1985 pictorial, one can't help but be awestruck by Hank Londoner's scintillating photographs.

Andi, you have put my visions of true beauty to shame. And to think that it's all wrapped in such a small package. You already have all my love and best wishes in your acting career. What more could I give for an autographed picture?—*John Glockner, Green Bay, Wis.*

Dear John,
Dare I repeat the old adage, "All good things come in small packages"? Well, how about great things? Great things come in lovely letters like yours.—Andi

Dear Andi,
You're a hard habit to break. As much as I've tried, I can't put down the May 1985 issue of *Penthouse*.

I'm a star wide receiver for a major-university football team. Because I'm sort of a celebrity here at school, girls drop by my place all the time. Now when I'm with them, I fantasize that you're my lover. I know I shouldn't—they don't even compare to you. But there's no way around it.

Andi Leigh, I have a pass for you. Are you ready to receive it? I know it'll light up your scoreboard!—*Name and address withheld*

Dear Fantasy Lover,
I hate to put you on the defensive, but I only like to play sociable contact sports like touch football. Before I go out for a long one and catch your pass, how do you guarantee it won't be intercepted? Be my No. 1 draft choice.—Andi

LIVING LEGEND
Until I saw the February 1985 pictorial "Northern Star" [photographs by Carl Wachter], I used to think that the immortal Marilyn Monroe was the most beautiful woman who ever lived. But now there's Sondra Dickson.

I know I'm one of the many millions to ask, but an autographed photo would sure make me feel closer to this legend in the making.—*Name and address withheld*

Thanks for the honor of placing me in the ranks of film goddess Marilyn Monroe. As of yet, I am far from knowing "what becomes a legend most." But give me time. . . .—Sondra

FAVORITE FLAVOR
Dear *Penthouse*,
What ever happened to Betsy Harris? She was photographed as Pet of the Month by Earl Miller in your February 1977 issue.

A few years back a foolish friend of mine lent me this issue and, of course, never saw it again. He sure did complain, but I wasn't about to let her go! Let's just say that his loss was my ultimate gain.

Betsy's pretty little mug and smile have kept me company on many a fantasy-filled night.

I would give anything to be the guy who drives that ice cream truck by her house every day. My recurring dreams are filled with sounds of ringing bells and heaps of whipped cream.

So, *Penthouse*, one more glimpse of my favorite flavor, Betsy—please?—*J. C. Corkie, San Francisco, Calif.*

Betsy

Sarah

SPARKLING CHARM
Dear Sarah Greaves,
I know it's a sin to swear, but I must. Darling, I swear by my love for you. Your pictorial [September 1983; photographs by Chris Dickson] was a stunning tribute to your glamour and charm. Your sparkling sea-green eyes and gold burnished hair and skin make me think of much more than an exotic lagoon at sunrise.—*Name and address withheld*

Venial or not, I cannot tell a lie. Guess who I'd love to sparkle for tonight? An exotic lagoon at sunrise with no one to share it with is too lonely for words.—Sarah

SMOKING FOX
Dear *Penthouse*,
Your April 1985 pictorial "Make Love, Not War" [produced and photographed by Earl Miller] was great. The picture of the sexy fox smoking a big fat cigar was fantastic. Seeing hot honeys smoking is a real turn-on, especially when they're daring enough to smoke cigars.—*Name and address withheld*

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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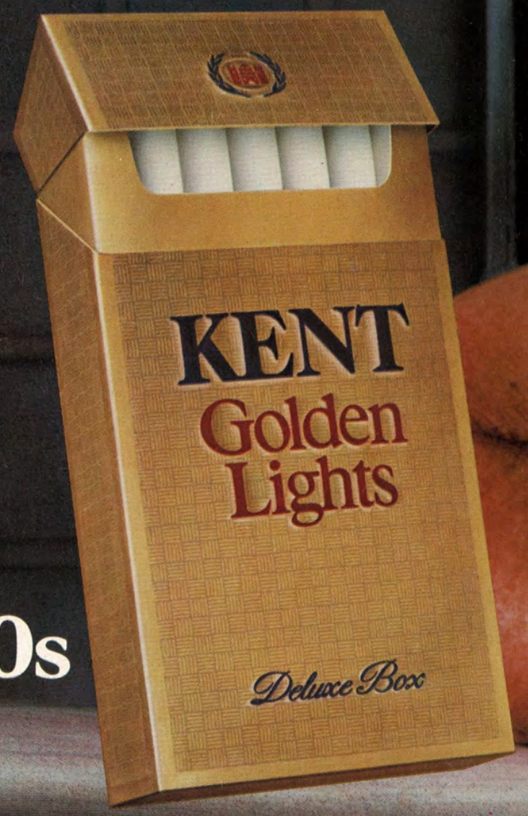

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

POLITICAL TERRORISM
Was the article "Tortured Women: Stories of Political Terror" [by Omar Rivabella, April 1985] in your magazine to inform people of "unspeakable crimes against humanity" or to turn on disturbed readers? Because of the way it was presented, the article sounded like an extension of "Forum." The accounts of the victims read like stories out of *True Confessions.*

I guess that there are people who get off on reading about women being tortured to near death, or children being tortured and raped, but these are crimes of violence and have nothing to do with sex, so why put them in a magazine that appeals to sexual curiosity?—*R. Warsaw, Silver Spring, Md.*

Obviously you are not a long-time reader of Penthouse. *Otherwise you would be well aware that while "sexual curiosity" is certainly an important part of our appeal, we have also been publishing significant investigative articles like "Tortured Women" in every issue since the magazine was founded. In fact, a similar article, "The Shah's Torture Chambers," was honored by the Overseas Press Club of America as the one article that year that most demonstrated a concern for humanity. Mr. Rivabella's account of the disgraceful treatment of women in certain Latin American countries is therefore entirely in keeping with our commitment to investigative journalism.*—The Editors

CHEEKS A-GLEAMIN'
I'm glad Al Goldstein does

your "X-Rated Video" column. I like his writing and his humor. I only wish he were not so Cosellian in his stand. The gross inconsistencies in his March 1985 column are an example.

The "rotten, maggot-infested albatross" around porn's neck—the wet shot—is indeed stupid and ridiculous. We're all sick of it. Goldstein's point is well made in his review of Suze Randall's *Girls Just Want to Have Fun.* But why is it not also applicable to Frazer and Svetlana productions? His review of their work is glowing, while their stars' ass cheeks are gleaming with you-know-what.

I have seen everything Frazer/Svetlana brought back from their South Seas trip. Each and every male climax in each and every film is pull-out-and-pump. Didn't Al notice this?—*Duffy Toler, Rochester, N.Y.*

Al Goldstein replies:
You sound like a pervert who's done his homework. Seen every single Frazer/Svetlana film, have you? If I followed my own dictates and lambasted every adult tape with a wet shot, I'd never ever be able to give a good rating. Sad but true.

The Frazer/Svetlana stuff, old and new, is good in spite of, not because of, their use of the wet shot. And like Emerson, Whitman, and Howard Cosell, I reserve the right to contradict myself.

NOT AMUSED
Dear *Penthouse,*
Having been a loyal and avid fan of your magazine for many years, I find it disquieting to be writing this. Something seems to be happening at *Penthouse.* I have been disappointed over the past several months by your articles and so-called humor features. I do not find humor in your cartoons that allude to sex with children.

Furthermore, I was disappointed to find Princess Diana the subject of Ori Hofmekler's shallow perspective ["Hofmekler's People," April 1985]. I am not a defender of the Crown or its royal jewels, but some things can be done with class.

There are lots of great topics to indulge yourselves in. *Penthouse* has always shined because it was able to portray lots of lust with a touch of class. Hope you'll find a way to get back on track.—*Dave Werneburg, Granada Hills, Calif.*

The Humor Department replies:
We can readily understand your point about Hofmekler and some of our articles; therefore we are acting on your complaint. At this very moment our entire editorial staff is being spayed (fixed, *if you will), thus preventing them from ever reproducing their kind.*

As for our so-called satirists with narrow perspectives, they've been assigned to our Beirut bureau to cover the (previously unreported) fall fashion and party circuit of that hustling and bustling Shiite community.

MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR
As an occasional reader of your magazine, I often find pictorials that are good, and others that are not so good. But rarely does one find in your pages a pictorial as inherently stupid and absurd as the one entitled "Make Love, Not War" [April 1985; produced and photographed by Earl Miller].

I realize that *Penthouse* is a peddler of fantasy. But if fantasy is to be effective, it must have at least one leg firmly planted in reality—no matter where the other legs are located. Thus, my objection: As a member of the United States Army Reserve and of a sexually integrated unit, I find that the scene you depicted is unlikely.

The whole structure of an Army unit is designed to discourage sex in the field. But more immediately, there lies a practical problem: When one is stationed in the field for more than a day or so, sexual activity for *anyone* is out of the question. And if you've ever been in uniform, especially for several days without shower or change, you'll know why.

By the way, where the fuck did you get that tank?—*Richard L. Kent, Mason, Mich.*

Earl Miller replies:
Poor Mr. Kent. Because he is merely a reservist and not a member of the modern combat Army, he's obviously unaware of the latest top-secret military strategy—the brilliant tactic of using sex in the field to inspire the enemy to join us instead of fighting us.

This photographer has it from the highest sources in the Pentagon that these tactics have resulted in a 100 percent success rate with no casualties or loss of equipment. Not to mention the high morale of the average GI in the field. Interestingly enough, Pentagon statistics show a curious jump in tank-corps enlistments during the month of April.

ONE MAN'S MEAT
The letter in your February 1985 "Feedback" castigating you for running "Olympicide" [August 1984] was more offensive and abusive than the feature could ever have been.

I am writing to you on behalf of the mute millions who enjoy "offensive, insensitive, vulgar, and tasteless" entertainment. One man's meat is another man's poison and to remove all such material from your magazine would make it as sterile as your competitors. Nothing is sacred, nor should it be.—*Max Poindexter, Champaign, Ill.*

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.

In the 1984 New York City Marathon, many of the runners had to drop out early because they couldn't handle the unusually warm weather and humidity that day. It was about 76 degrees. A lot of others finished the race but felt very ill. I'm not up to running marathons yet, but I do like running when the weather gets into the 70s. I don't get that sick feeling the marathoners talked about, and I find I can increase my distance when it's warmer. How does heat affect a runner, and how do you know when it's too hot to run safely?—Andrea McDermott, Forest Hills, N.Y.

Running fast is hazardous to most people when the temperature is above 70°F at the same time the humidity is above 70 percent, or when either reading exceeds 80 with the other over 60. The typical symptoms are nausea, cramps, burning, a swollen feeling in cheeks and forehead, and light-headedness. The main problems caused by heat are dehydration and disruption of fine chemical balances in the body. Exercise increases body temperature in direct proportion to the intensity of the exercise. The body's chemistry is designed to operate properly only in a narrow range of 98–103°F. So as soon as body temperature rises to 99°F, the body starts to move heat to the surface via the blood to dissipate it—hence those rosy cheeks of the fit, and of the furious. If your temperature continues to rise as high as 105°F, you risk heatstroke. At 107.6°F, normal biochemistry ceases and you die.

On a hot day, running at a good clip, you can lose five to eight ounces of water per mile. Within six miles, dehydration will hurt you and your performance, because the extra water for sweating comes mainly out of the blood, leaving it thicker and much less efficient at providing oxygen to the muscles. Whether a hot day is safe or not depends on how fast and how far you run. As a member of the American College of Sports Medicine, I endorse their advice that you should not race if the temperature exceeds 82.4°F.

But two rules can help you offset the dangers. First, drink cold water copiously before and during your run to provide the extra water for sweating. Second, expose the maximum amount of skin to the air to maximize heat loss by evaporation.

In your February column you suggested that people take daily supplements of the antioxidant vitamins C and E and selenium. I have heard that taking BHT, the food preservative, in capsule form (four grams a day) is also beneficial as an antioxidant. It sounds weird to me, but does it make sense?—Don Benson, Chicago, Ill.

BHT—butylated hydroxytoluene—is widely used in small quantities in food processing because it is a cheap, powerful, and relatively nontoxic synthetic antioxidant. In animal studies, especially those by Dr. Denham Harman of the University of Nebraska, the average life span of mice has been extended by 50 percent with the use of BHT. Many people in the United States who eat a lot of processed food have unknowingly been getting similar amounts daily in their diets for years.

But I would not recommend the four grams daily that you mention, for two reasons. First, a number of studies have shown that enlarged livers and abnormal liver-enzyme counts occur in monkeys fed large amounts of BHT. Second, there are no long-term studies of BHT's effects on people. Stick to the antioxidants naturally produced during evolution. The human body has had millions of years to develop the complex biochemical mechanisms necessary to deal with them. In addition to vitamins C and E and the mineral selenium, potent natural antioxidants include vitamin A and its precursor beta carotene, vitamin B_1 (thiamine), vitamin B_6 (pyridoxine), pantothenic acid (sometimes called vitamin B_5), the sulfur-containing amino acids cysteine and methionine, and the essential mineral zinc. If you take a multivitamin/mineral supplement, look for one with all of these.

Don't try to make your own cocktail of all the individual substances, because you are very likely to overdose. Cysteine alone, for example, can be very toxic.

You stated in one of your columns that shelled nuts contained carcinogens. From what I've read and heard until now, however, shelled nuts are considered to be nutritious. Could you please explain what is wrong with them? What's the best way to eat nuts?—M. G., Quebec

Most of the Colgan Institute's clients love nuts, even though they are high in fats and may contain carcinogenic molds, so for years we have researched the best ones to eat. Avoid eating nuts that are sold out of their shells, especially those packed in transparent plastic bags and clear glass jars. Samples we have tested over the past 12 years all showed evidence of rancidity, probably resulting from light exposure, even though most didn't taste rancid. Avoid peanuts, especially—they are more subject than other nuts to both rancidity and growth of toxic molds.

Vacuum-packed cans and foil bags of nuts are better, especially those packs that are plastic-coated inside. But far and away the best are fresh-picked nuts still in the shell—such as the ones sold in specialty food shops and advertised in some magazines—and their taste is far superior to the supermarket nuts.

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Women's monetary responsibilities to their children shouldn't end in the divorce court.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

Absent fathers who have an income of $35,000 or more a year can afford to pay for more in child support than is now being ordered by most state courts, according to a new nationwide study.
—The New York Times

I never cease to marvel at the continuing flow of "nationwide studies" that are penned by so-called experts who specialize in getting media attention. After obtaining private or government grants, these people pontificate on issues ranging from pot smoking to the nation's bedroom habits to violence on television. The above-mentioned study, completed by a task force of researchers at the University of North Carolina's Bush Institute for Child and Family Policy, for a cost of $150,000, concludes that divorced American mothers have the inalienable right to effectively rip off fathers by making them the sole supporters of mutual offspring.

Dr. Ron Haskins, associate director of the Bush Institute, states, in righteous indignation, "One of our most shocking findings was that middle-class fathers feel at greater liberty not to pay a substantial amount [of child support] either because the courts never insisted or the collection agencies never took their family situations seriously." Haskins, who headed the study team, said its aim was to improve the economic status of single-parent families, focusing in particular on child-support payments. But studies of this kind fail to take into consideration that the law states that *both* parents are responsible for child support, depending upon their financial status. There is an almost universal misconception that the biological father alone should be expected to shoulder the complete burden of his child's support.

Since we all know it takes two to tango, I believe women should be made to face the fact that their monetary obligations to their children do not end in the maternity ward or in divorce court. As a proponent of equal rights for men, I continue to look for some succor for noncustodial fathers. But all I find is an outpouring of computer statistics that favor the "poor distraught mother" who, despite her newfound financial freedom, continues to rely solely on her former spouse's income. For example, a "percentage-of-income" formula established in Wisconsin in 1984 required the payment of 17 percent of gross income for one child, 25 percent for two, 29 percent for three, and 32 percent for four or more.

Census figures show that the average male wage earner made $24,120 in 1984. Under the Wisconsin formula, a noncustodial father with two children would be charged $6,281 a year—more than double the average. Dr. Haskins says this isn't too great a hardship for fathers who earn $35,000 a year or more. He suggests that large disparities in the amounts judges set encourage irresponsibility, and he adds, "People ought to know what they are facing before they rush into parenthood or run out and get a divorce." But what he is really asking us to believe is that men are dastardly culprits and that women, who actually initiate the majority of divorce proceedings, are innocent bystanders.

This antimale philosophy has reached all the way to the White House, where President Reagan signed a bill last year that requires employers in many cases to withhold child support from wages when a parent falls just one month behind in complying with court-ordered payments.

Gary N. Skoloff, writing in *The Matrimonial Strategist*, notes that "non-custodial parents are calling upon the courts more and more to modify their support obligations based on changed *emotional*, rather than financial, circumstances. . . . Is it fair for parents to continue carrying an economic burden for children who have cast them aside?"

In the absence of any government studies being made on behalf of fathers, what is needed are sweeping judicial reforms predicated upon the belief that men are equal to women and should be treated accordingly by our courts. The courts must understand that there is a direct correlation between child support, custody, and visitation. To argue otherwise is absurd. You cannot expect a man to bear a child's financial support while being denied his rights to visit that child. To this end, I believe that appropriate reforms should include:

- Making support payments by fathers tax-deductible;
- Halting arrears penalties against unemployed fathers;
- Instituting voluntary prenuptial written agreements binding both parties to share equally the financial responsibility for the children;
- Deducting verified direct payments from father to child from normal payments;
- Requiring courts to give more consideration to joint custody;
- Periodically reviewing both parents' financial status;
- Jailing mothers for willful interference with visitation; and
- Accounting for how child support is spent.

Surprisingly, the majority of the men in this country do not see, or wish not to see, the subtle destruction of their manhood by the unholy alliance of liberated women, their leaders, and the courts. If you're in this majority, a few words of caution—make lots of money and be subservient and, perhaps, you will stay out of court.

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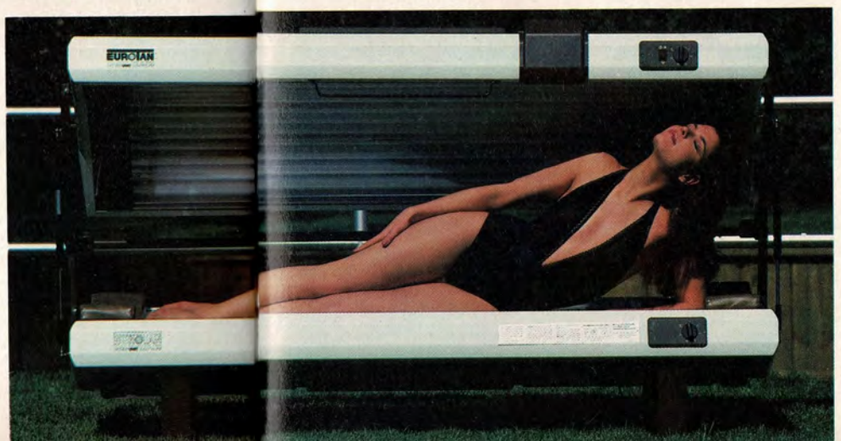
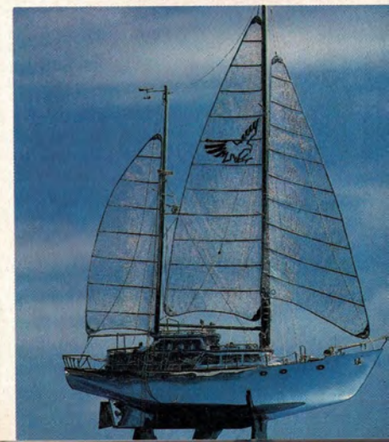




"Allan told me he
fantasized about me making love
to another woman. He
wanted to watch and even take pictures,
so he could masturbate later
when I wasn't around."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

My husband and I are both in our mid-twenties and have been married almost a year. When I met Allan, I was a virgin in every way—no other man had, or has, ever touched me. He, however, was just the opposite—he had had a variety of sexual experiences since he was 18, and he was married before. I already "knew" a lot about sex from books and movies, but Allan taught me things I had never heard or dreamed about. One of them was how much fantasizing while we made love could enhance our sex life.

After we'd been together for several months, when we made love, Allan would talk about me being with another woman, telling me he fantasized about me making love to another woman. He wanted to watch and even take pictures, so he could masturbate later when I wasn't around. At first, I found the idea shocking and even repulsive. But after he talked about it for a while, I began to get into it and even talked about it myself. I soon realized that this was one of my husband's favorite fantasies, but I thought we would just talk about it. I never imagined things would ever go beyond that.

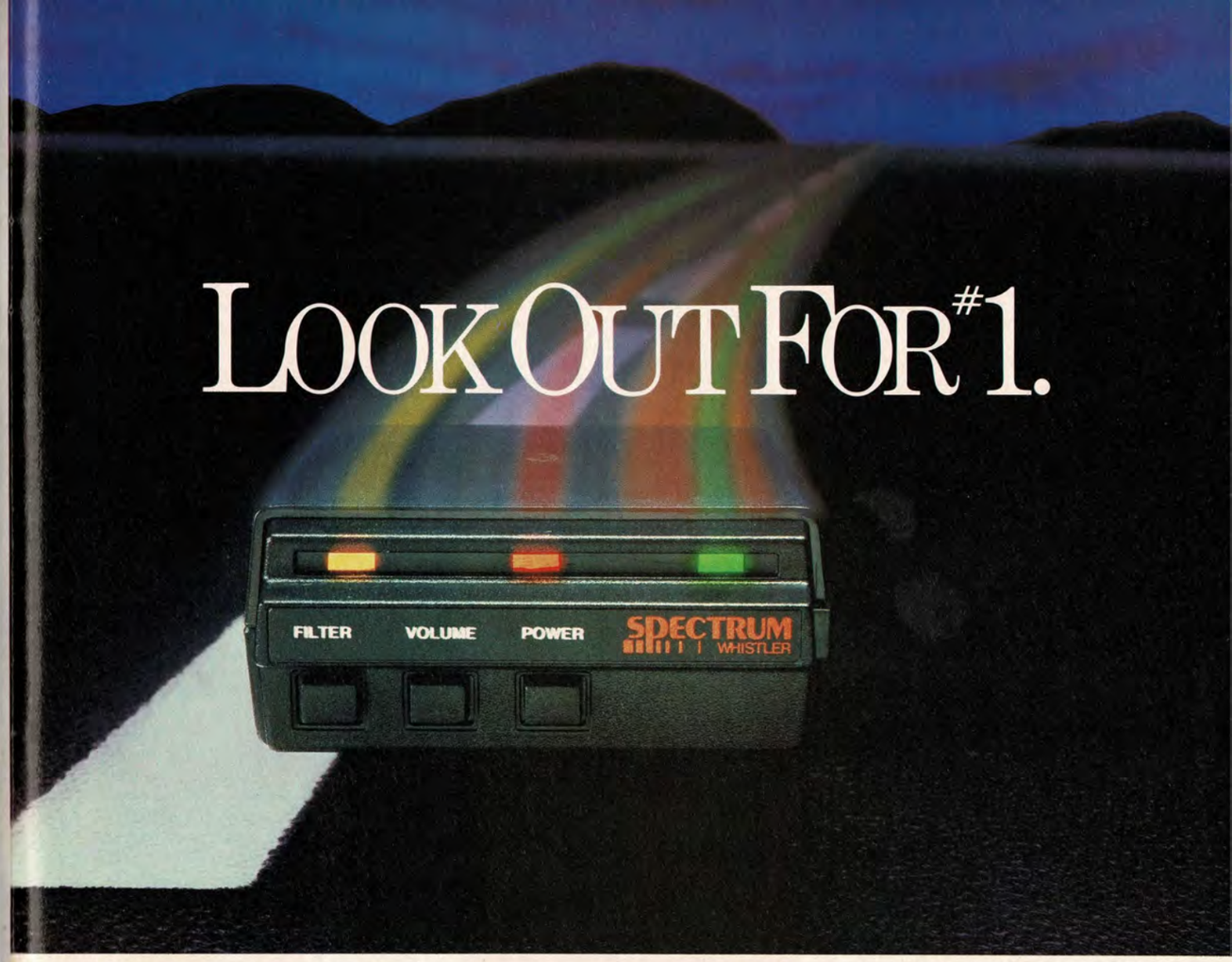
It all started a couple of months ago, when a beautiful French girl moved in several doors down from us. From the first time we met, Yvonne and I hit it off. It seemed so natural being with her. She is only 19 and is the most beautiful creature I've ever seen. She is five foot three, with a petite but very shapely figure. Her flawless skin has an almost unearthly translucence. Her huge blue eyes are like the Mediterranean on a sunny day—deep yet clear—and are surrounded by a fringe of pale yellow lashes. She usually wears her waist-length hair in a loose bun at the nape of her neck, so that it softly frames her face like a halo of light. Though I knew I shouldn't be thinking of such a thing, I often wondered if the hair on her pussy could be as light as her hair and eyelashes. Later I found out that it was.

Soon Yvonne and I were meeting several afternoons a week in either her or my apartment, sipping iced tea or frozen daiquiris, chatting about everything in the world, even our sex lives. Somehow we were never embarrassed to confide the most intimate details to each other. Growing up in France, Yvonne developed an attitude toward sex unlike that of most Americans. She was raised to believe that sex is just a physical expression of caring between people, whether they were a man and a woman, two men, two women, or even three or four people. Americans, she said, have a false sense of morality and believe that anything they don't understand or feel uncomfortable with is dirty. Very soon I came to see the sense in her view.

One afternoon not too long ago, Yvonne and I got together in her apartment about three o'clock, and by five were on our fourth daiquiri. We had been sitting close to each other on the sofa, and I could smell her heady, exotic perfume. It was just like her—incredibly sexy. In spite of myself, I did find Yvonne sexy, and by this point we were both feeling pretty mellow. We had been talking about our sex lives, as we so often did. Then we got onto the subject of sexy lingerie. I admitted that I only had two or three sexy nightgowns but she said that was all she wore. She had drawers full of all types of lingerie. Then she asked if I'd like to see a set that was particularly effective in turning men on. I said, "Sure, why not?" She disappeared into the bedroom and reappeared several minutes later dressed in a short pink nightie of a totally sheer material. Through the top I could see her large brown nipples and through the panties I could see the light triangle of her bush.

She was so gorgeous and sexy standing there in the doorway, with her white-blond hair hanging loose down her back, that sheer nightie, and those long slender white legs, that I was speechless. "You like it?" she asked softly. "Yes" was all I could get out. She was all pale and pink and soft curves. It was getting darker in the room, but I could still see her well enough. For the first time in my life, I found myself desiring another woman, though I had no idea what to do or what she was going to do.

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.



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She sat down on the sofa and, staring dreamily into my eyes, put my hand on her breast. Almost against my will, I started squeezing her breast and pinching her nipple. It was hard from the moment of my touch. I put my other hand on her other breast and her eyes closed as I massaged and pinched the nipple. Her breath was coming faster and heavier and, needless to say, so was mine.

Suddenly I felt an uncontrollable urge to suck on her tits, and I wondered fleetingly if I dared to. But I had to have her, so I unhooked the front of the nightie. When my tongue touched her nipple, she gasped, then moaned when I tried to take her whole tit in my mouth. I felt hungry, hungry for her body, so I sucked and licked and bit her tit for all I was worth. With only these touches, we were both breathing heavily and moaning. Already we were at a point where we knew we couldn't stop, even if we wanted to. Yvonne couldn't hold back any longer. It only took her a moment to unbutton my shirt. I actually felt faint when her warm hand touched my breast. As her hands worked magic on my tits, she kissed me full on the lips. First she just darted her little pink tongue around the edges of my eager mouth, then plunged it completely into my mouth. With our hands all over each other's bodies, I felt I could have eaten her luscious, pink mouth. We couldn't get enough of each other.

Suddenly I felt her hand between my legs. I knew she could feel the moisture through my panties and cotton shorts. She slipped her hand down in my shorts and ran her fingers through my wet bush, then down all the way into the wetness. As she rubbed her hand over my wet pussy, her palm teased my clit agonizingly. I wanted to tear my shorts off, but she did it before I could. As her hands caressed my tits and pussy, I fumbled with her panties. It seemed to take ages to pull them off her. The crotch was soaked with her juices. She was unbelievably wet.

I explored her wet pussy with my hand while she did the same to me. Then she pushed me back on the sofa and lowered her head between my legs. Suddenly I felt her hot tongue on my hotter pussy. I knew it wouldn't be long before I came. She buried her face in my bush and eagerly lapped up my juices, teasing my lips and clit with her tongue. While she did this, she reached up and pinched my nipples. It was only a couple of minutes before she teased me into the warmest, most delicious, and most intense orgasm of my life. I wanted to eat her pussy, too, but she couldn't wait. As I lay exhausted on the sofa, she brought herself to orgasm. I'm still sorry I didn't have the chance to eat her pussy.

Well, that was a couple of weeks ago, and the next weekend Yvonne left for a month in France, so we never really had a chance to talk about what happened. Since then, sex with Allan hasn't been the same. When I'm with him, I imagine it's Yvonne's hands instead of his all over my body. When he eats me, I imagine it's her little pink mouth, and when I go down on him, I wish it were her throbbing pussy.

I haven't told my husband about the encounter or about my daydreams, even though he has said it would turn him on. I'm afraid he would feel differently if he knew it really happened. I'm even more afraid he would want us to repeat the performance with him (and his camera) present. Xaviera, my feelings are mixed: On the one hand, I don't think I really want to have sex with anyone except my husband, no matter how enjoyable it is. But on the other hand, he doesn't turn me on the way Yvonne did. He is beginning to wonder about my lack of response and I'm running out of excuses. Should I tell him and see what happens, or should I just keep quiet and hope my desire for him returns?—S. D.

When your husband Allan says that fantasizing can enhance your sex life, I am not sure that I agree with him. Fantasy can make sex more interesting if the reality is not exciting enough, but a couple who are bored with each other after less than a year are either mismatched or not doing it right. When two people are in love, there is normally no limit to their delight in sensual contact with each other.

To look at, to smell, to taste, to touch, to explore the hidden intimacies of the body of the person you love is the most fulfilling and complete sexual experience. It should be enough, and one only uses memories of that person as a fantasy to masturbate over when one is unlucky enough to be separated from one's lover. When a couple has been together for a long time, and they know every last, tiny detail of each other's bodies and minds, they often turn to fantasy to spice up their sex life, and that fantasy can also be reality—threesomes, foursomes, swinging, whatever.

Your problem is that you have discovered that you are bisexual, but because of your strict upbringing, you are not prepared to admit it. You were still a virgin in your twenties and you say: "Though I knew I shouldn't be thinking such a thing" about Yvonne, it wasn't her pubic hair color that worried you, it was thinking about another woman's pussy that you believed to be wrong. What has happened, very simply, is that you have fallen in love with Yvonne, and quite naturally you don't want to share her with anyone. You may be right that Allan would feel differently about a threesome, particularly if you preferred the other girl to him. There are many men who find lesbianism a threat to their manhood, but I think you are more worried that he will intrude on the intimacy of your relationship with Yvonne, especially if he gets out his cam-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

"Junkies and hookers and queers, oh my! Junkies and hookers and queers, oh my!"

Censorship can make the world a better place.

Censorship can make your life easier. When somebody else makes decisions about what you can read and see and hear, you don't have to think as much.

Censorship can cure the world of problems like violent crime and child abuse. If you believe information and ideas cause problems—instead of people.

Censorship can help everyone agree. If you weren't free to read or hear dissenting opinions, or to express your own, it would be a lot easier to agree... just as easy as it was in Nazi Germany, or as it is today in Cuba, Iran and the Soviet Union.

Once we make exceptions to the freedoms guaranteed us under the First Amendment, anything can happen. Ten years ago, the city of Miami banned *Mother Goose*. Other victims have included Shakespeare and even *Ms.* magazine.

Right now, some Americans are trying to abridge your constitutional freedoms so they'll be able to choose what books and magazines you read, what television shows you see.

As an American, you have the freedom to say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

NEW NATIONAL PASTIMES

BY EMILY PRAGER

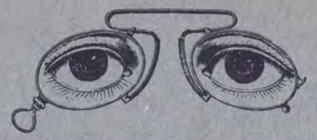
The modern world has brought us many things: computers, artificial implants, Prince clones. Computers have revolutionized our way of working; artificial implants, our take on survival; and Prince clones, our view of megalomania. So many things have changed, it's only natural that out of these technological and social developments should come some new ways of playing, new ways of having fun. I like to call them New National Pastimes.

Talking on the Phone While Watching Miniseries. Remember the old days when families would gather around the TV and watch their favorite show? That's where programmers got the phrase "family entertainment." Well, those days are over. Families don't like each other much anymore. There's drugs. And, well, you don't take drugs and watch TV with the family. It simply isn't done. In most families now, there's a single parent and TV watching is hardly a group event. It is definitely a latchkey world. And one of the best new pastimes around is sitting alone in your apartment watching a tawdry miniseries on TV while talking to some other single—or two if you have call waiting—who are all doing the same thing. The logistics are simple: You call during a commercial or at an explosive moment, such as when Dr. Kildare fucked Rachel Ward in the miniseries "Shogun." Fabulous! Or when Suzanne Somers got beaten up in "Hollywood Wives." Tremendous! Or when Phoebe Cates found out who her father was in "Lace." Diabolical! During these calls, you can talk about the costumes, slander the actors, or vilify the writers, but sometimes just squealing loudly is the most fun. My favorite line in "Hollywood Wives" went like this: "Imagine how I felt when I discovered my husband was having an affair with a woman who could sit down at a typewriter and within three or four hours come up with something meaningful. It made me feel worthless." Great!

Visiting Former Slums That Are Now Model Co-ops. There is nothing more enjoyable for an afternoon than strolling down to a former slum that, after a really dinky facelift, is now boasting co-op apartments at $250,000 a shot. There is usually a model co-op to be seen, and if you dress like a coke dealer, the salesperson is sure to give you the big tour. What fun it is to see an old railroad flat stapled with posterboard, butcher blocks slapped on the counters, and a shiny two-foot-long bathtub where the seven-foot claw-foot once stood, now selling for 200,000 times what the rent used to be. Take in the extraordinarily ugly slate fireplace replacing the old one of marble and wood and the complete absence of decorative moldings on windows and floorboards, and don't forget to check out the plywood doors on closets as compared with the solid ones out in the trash bin by the full-security aluminum entrance.

On your way home, count the number of service stores, cleaners, Laundromats, and coffee shops that have been forced out of business since the developers came to the neighborhood. Looked at from their point of view, architectural crime is a New National Pastime, too.

Attacking "Pornography" Vociferously While Beating Off to It. According to *Newsweek*, the Newest National Pastime is being hysterical about pornography and attacking it nonstop, while buying it like it's going out of style. People love this, they do. How many Yuppie wives who scream about the exploitation of women have rented X-rated cassettes and watched them with their extremely moral husbands? Quite a few. It's wonderful fun to wander into a local porn palace and then declaim against it loudly at cocktail parties. The best fun, though, was during the Vanessa Williams period, when my colleagues and I were assaulted on a daily basis by people ranting and raving about how vile we all were, and then, when they were done, to watch as sweet smiles crept over their faces as they asked us for free copies of the September issue. We loved it. Wonderful fun.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

LAW

TAXING DANGEROUS SPEECH

When downtown Boston movie theaters play kung fu movies, extra police are stationed outside the exits and in nearby subway stations. The added police are deemed necessary because youthful patrons of these violent movies have started fights and acted boisterously after leaving the theaters. Recently, in Philadelphia, a small-scale riot erupted when several "action-oriented" films let out at the same time.

Now it has been proposed that the expense of additional police—as much as $10,000 per film—should be paid by the theater owners, who are, not unexpectedly, balking at the proposal. They assert that there is no evidence that action-oriented films cause violence or require additional police.

There is, of course, a raging national debate over the relationship, if any, between what people see or read and what they do. Some studies suggest that pornography, violence, racism, sexism, sexual violence, and negative images of gays may affect the way people behave. Others claim that any correlation is speculative and unproven. It is fair to say that reasonable people, at this stage of the empirical research, can and do disagree about the factual bases to the various arguments.

But the decision whether or not to impose a "security tax" on a particular genre of movie—and that is exactly what the proposal would do—should not depend on the outcome of the empirical research. Even if there is a relationship between what people read or see and what they do—and I believe there is—it would still be wrong for the government to impose special costs on certain types of constitutionally protected speech.

Although the proposal to make distributors of action-oriented films pay for added police seems in one way to make sense, its implications for the First Amendment are frightening. If Boston can impose the costs of extra police on kung fu movies, then Nashville could impose such costs on atheist or prochoice films and Berkeley might impose police costs on pro-Reagan or pro–South Africa movies. In some cities, certain magazines have provoked violent demonstrations, necessitating police responses. In each of these instances, a plausible argument could be made that provocative, unpopular, or controversial speech may require extra security.

Violence seen, violence done? Is "security tax" the answer?

It is the essence of a free, heterogeneous society that the cost of police protection for all speech should be borne by the general treasury. Imposing extra costs on an organization responsible for speech that may lead to a need for more expensive protection will inevitably impact hardest on controversial speech. It may also provide an excuse for censorship by bankruptcy. If unpopular speech is made expensive enough, it will simply be driven out of the marketplace of ideas.

Private institutions have the right to select speakers on the basis of cost considerations: Several private universities have canceled controversial events on the grounds that security would be too expensive. While this seems inconsistent with the educational mission of an institution of higher learning, there is no legal obligation on the part of the private sector to provide the security necessary to permit all speech. But when the *government* decides that certain speech requires more police, then the government, i.e., all the citizens, must pay the bill.

The presidential candidacies of such controversial politicians as Reverend Jesse Jackson and Governor George Wallace probably resulted in increased Secret Service expenses. Yet it would be unthinkable to charge the extra costs to the particular candidates or their campaigns. It is the obligation of the general government to provide protection to all who participate in the marketplace of ideas—candidates, listeners, viewers, and even passers-by.

It would be too easy for the government to use the need for security as an excuse for discouraging unpopular speech. Popular speech needs little encouragement or support. It is precisely the kind of speech that may generate controversy—even anger—that needs the most protection.

But what does all this fancy talk about freedom of speech and the First Amendment have to do with your typical kung fu film? These films, which have little political content, are designed to entertain, not to persuade. That is certainly true. But the First Amendment does not distinguish between speech that is entertaining and speech that is persuasive. It protects art, movies, dance, television, and the press. Several court decisions have attempted to create a "hierarchy" of protected speech, with political advocacy at the top and sexual entertainment at the bottom. But attempts to categorize speech for lesser degrees of protection have always been abused. Once the government is given the power to censor or tax *any* kind of speech, that power will inevitably carry over into other areas.

Today, Bruce Lee. Tomorrow, Jerry Falwell. Next week, Gloria Steinem!—*Alan M. Dershowitz*

TV

TYPHOID JOAN

Joan Rivers emerged in the days before premenstrual stress. She was a diverting little shrew who seemed to have squirmed out from under the damp, doomed immensity of Totie Fields: nothing more. It seemed unlikely that she would in time reign as the queen of comedy.

Her act consisted mainly of anxious one-liners bewailing her lack of sex appeal. Though she had a face that could stop a clock, most of her jokes were directed toward her flat chest. It was anyone's guess as to what she might have done for a living if her breasts had developed past puberty.

Rivers: untamable shrew.

Yet, lo and behold, the years have passed and she sitteth at the left hand of Ed McMahon.

As every grammar school boy knows, tit jokes are great. Alas, as every high school boy knows, there are, unlike tits themselves, only so many of them. Not long ago, the Guest Hostess herself seems to have arrived at this same realization. She seems to have begun to sense that her tit jokes have grown as boring and as paltry as her tits. Those of us who saw her at the Republican convention a year ago enjoyed the dubious privilege of seeing a woman who was at the very end of her tit jokes.

As the tit jokes grew more tiresome, the Guest Hostess waxed decidedly more bitchy, crossing over the thin line that separates comedic vitriol from downright viciousness. Lacking even the old-bat humanity of a Phyllis Diller, she has begun to actually spit a sort of desperate venom. Amid the horsey haws of her delivery lurks a certain mean sincerity which sometimes suggests she really is the bitch that she pretends to be.

All this is fine and dandy as long as it makes us laugh. But when it comes to much of her recent shtick, we're talking trite. "Is Michael Jackson gay? Please! He's as queer as a three-dollar bill. Ever wonder what happened to Michael Jackson's other glove? It's in Boy George's pocket," she was cackling last year, as if she herself might possibly be construed as an argument for heterosexuality. Nothing has changed since then. When I saw her in April (before turning the sound up, I thought it was Barry Manilow after a terrible operation), she was screeching, "Boy George! What England needs! Another queen who can't dress!" Then, hideously: "Marie *Osmond!* Goody, goody, goody—*oh, please!*" I wished I could stroke her tit and shut her up.

It must have something to do with this age of premenstrual stress in which we live. Hers may be its voice. Vacuous yet piercing, it dishes out a poisonous, graceless blandness. Growing older, gaunter, more neurotic, yet ever blonder, she is a product of the Last Chance Beauty Parlor and has now become its proprietor. "Prince? Can we discuss Prince? Ugh! Oh! He should get together with a toilet-paper company. They could call him Prince Charmin!" She primps and makes boorish sounds. She reminds us of her upcoming personal appearances. David Brenner, or someone like him, embraces her. The republic sleeps soundly. Tomorrow is another tit joke. —*Nick Tosches*

Classic Southern Accents *from the never trendy Petty.*

SOUNDS

HOT HEARTBREAKERS

Tom Petty is this reedy little guy with a thatch of blond hair who looks like he might sustain a fracture from a brisk breeze. In fact, he broke his hand in several places when he slammed it into the wall of a recording studio some months ago, causing further delay in the release of the new album his fans have been awaiting for two and a half years. His last album, *Hard Promises,* released in 1982, was all over the radio for months, and you still hear songs from his enduring classic *Damn the Torpedoes* on lots of stations. Finally there's a new Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers album, *Southern Accents* (MCA). And—what do you know—it really was worth the wait.

Southern Accents is the first classic rock album of 1985. Too many of today's albums sound like they're being knocked off on deadline, in time for the next shareholders meeting. Petty waited until he had something to say, then stayed in the studio long enough to

VIEW FROM THE TOP

get it *right*. His new songs look back at his southern roots from a variety of angles. "With one foot in the grave, and one foot on the pedal/ I was born a rebel," he yelps in the soaring, stirring "Rebels." In "Spike," a gang of good ol' boys encounters a young punker, and it's worth the price of the album just to hear the way Petty drawls, "I'm scared, ain't you boys scared?/Boys, we got a man with a dog collar on/You think we oughta throw ol' Spike a bone?"

The South isn't a particularly trendy subject these days, but then Petty and the Heartbreakers have never been trendy. They left their native Florida more than a decade ago and relocated to Los Angeles, where they made music that had more in common with mid-sixties rock à la Bob Dylan and the Byrds than it did with the country rock then popular in L.A. After making several good-but-not-great albums, the group was derailed by litigation and spent more than a year getting its business affairs straight. The album that followed, *Damn the Torpedoes,* is still as fresh and powerful as the day it was issued. While other groups were dabbling in synthesizers or getting back to basics, Petty and the Heartbreakers—and their top-rank producer, Jimmy Iovine—forged timeless music from guitars, organ, pile-driver rhythms, and a sheaf of first-rate songs.

Through it all, the Heartbreakers developed into one of the all-time great bands; you can now hear traces of Heartbreakers guitarist Mike Campbell and keyboard man Benmont Tench in the work of scores of musicians. On *Southern Accents* they outdo themselves, from the ringing, martial guitars of "Rebels" to their ventures into what is, for them, new territory. Several songs have strutting horns and soul-band licks; others drift winningly into psychedelia, with keening drones and even an electric sitar. Drummer Stan Lynch, who's taken to producing and playing with younger L.A. bands like Rank and File in the last couple of years, nails down every tempo with the help of the band's only new member, bassist Howie Epstein.

MM may have been the Rx to get JFK pumping again.

For once, Petty and company and contemporary musical currents are perfectly in sync. Everybody seems to be doing rootsy American rock, white-boy funk, or neo-psychedelic music these days, and on *Southern Accents,* Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers do all these things surpassingly well, without sacrificing an iota of their individuality.

By the time you read this, Petty's hand should be healing up nicely, and the Heartbreakers should be touring again. In concert, they can do everything they do on their albums and then some. If they come to your town, don't miss 'em.—*Robert Palmer*

SEX NEWS

BITS AND PIECES

How someone handles his wallet may be a good clue as to how he handles his sex life. According to Rosemarie Schultz, a clinical psychologist and author of *Sex and Money: Strange Bedfellows,* a miser is likely to be a tightwad in bed, while generosity with a bankroll extends to generosity while rolling in the hay. In addition, Schultz contends that the mate who controls the finances in a relationship also controls the livelihood of the bedroom. . . . Editors of *The Wichitan,* the magazine for the city of Wichita, Kansas, had a burning question to be answered. "Is Wichita sexy?" asked a cover line, against a cleavage-only backdrop which would seem tame by most standards. Apparently, printers in the city weren't taking the question as rhetorical, because they gave us the answer. Although not one had read the text of the magazine, they all refused to print it, forcing the publisher to go out of state to get the job done. . . . There may have been a good reason for President John Kennedy's notorious sexual philandering: His doctor may have prescribed it! One of Kennedy's physicians, a gland specialist in New York, reportedly treated the president for Addison's disease, a nonfatal condition which results in an adrenal deficiency. The doc's advice? Get your adrenaline flowing by having a lot of sex—or did he just scribble, "Rx: MM"? . . . Cibella Borges, the New York City Police Department rookie who got booted from the force because she posed nude for a magazine a few months before she joined up, has been reinstated to the force by a state appellate court. "My uniform still fits!" she announced proudly. . . . A Russian newspaper's write-in column on sexual equality has elicited hundreds of complaints from men saying Russian women are too macho. The paper, *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* published a few examples of the numerous letters from the antibutch men, and said in a commentary that sexual equality in Russia may have gone too far. One letter, from Sergei of Novokuznetsk, complained that the women he knew smoked and drank like men, and that he had been attacked by a gang of four women who shook him down for cigarettes—"an experience I will remember for the rest of my life."

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"No. . . . Me Cynthia."

BLUEPRINT FOR TYRANNY

BY DONALD GOLDBERG
AND INDY BADHWAR

Imagine these events in the not-so-distant future:
The President, facing declining support for his controversial foreign policy, starts talking tough and hints at a military reprisal against some targeted nation with close ties to Moscow. Critics around the United States, alarmed by this harsh rhetoric, plan to demonstrate in response. The White House threats against the Third World country are denounced in newspaper articles, television commentaries, and by opposing senators and congressmen.

Undaunted, the President is determined to flex his muscles. He

PAINTING BY FRED OTNES

orders a lightning-strike raid by specially trained soldiers deep into that nation's territory. Hundreds of thousands, fleeing the battlefield, become the world's newest refugees.

As protests against the military action swell throughout our major cities, the White House says it will round up any refugees who try to enter the United States, as part of a carefully rehearsed plan to stop suspected terrorist infiltrators. Unnamed government officials announce that some terrorists have already penetrated our borders. With this as an excuse, federal law-enforcement agencies move to track down the terrorists.

News of this assault by the White House seeps out to the public, and the protests grow in size and intensity. The President secretly orders the arrest of hundreds of citizens believed to be troublemakers or sympathizers with America's adversaries. They, along with the flood of refugees, are rounded up and placed in military stockades.

Local police departments, meanwhile, hesitate in joining this federal crackdown. The White House, without skipping a beat, calls out the National Guard, arguing that since local authorities won't act, the federal government must ensure the public safety.

Local military commanders plan their strategies and, under secretly enacted procedures, declare martial rule. Specially trained soldiers strategically stationed around the nation are quietly called into action. Equipped for urban warfare, the troops are dropped into a dozen major cities to stop the demonstrations and arrest the protesters. The President, meanwhile, asks his trusted supporters on Capitol Hill to pass an emergency law that will enable the federal government to protect industrial facilities from any interruption.

Congress, its hands full with the President's activities abroad, quickly rams through the legislation, despite warnings in both houses that it should be more thoroughly debated.

The President, facing growing opposition, takes advantage of some provisions in the newly passed bill. He exercises his authority to censor all news and communications. Workers are ordered to report to their jobs or face jail. The legal system, unable to cope with the mass arrests by the federal government, is sidestepped under the provisions of martial rule. Justice is meted out on the local level by military officers, while the courts are formally suspended.

In a matter of weeks, the United States has turned from an open democracy into an armed camp. The President rules with unprecedented powers which dictate every move the nation makes, and his orders are carried out by the military.

Freedoms and liberties long taken for granted have disappeared.

If this sounds like a bizarre Hollywood thriller, believe us—it isn't. The mechanism to turn the United States into an armed camp is in place. It has been installed for the most part by high officials in the Reagan administration under the pretext of our needing to be prepared for emergencies, especially those caused by terrorist threat or civil unrest.

In fact, the above scenario has been rehearsed by the federal government in both tabletop and actual military exercises. The Pentagon has developed specially trained troops for urban warfare; they could easily be employed against Americans in our own cities.

Secret, elaborate plans for martial law and for directing the military within our borders have been drawn up and distributed. Commanders know exactly how to act if called upon for riots or protests. Legislation has been drafted in case the government needs more power.

And while the federal budget is trimmed and slashed across the board, the Pentagon budget continues to grow. And with it, a secret, shadow government in underground facilities around the nation is also growing, waiting to take over in case of war, disaster, or any other "emergency."

> Could President Reagan virtually suspend the Bill of Rights and call out the troops, all in the name of public safety? The answer is yes.

Already the Pentagon and the National Guard have been given unprecedented freedom to operate inside the United States. Spy planes now regularly fly over California's forest in search of drug growers. The Guard and military have cooperated with the U.S. Customs Service and other agencies, looking for smugglers and gunrunners.

Could the White House turn those troops loose on other American citizens? What if events in Latin America take a turn for the worse? What if farmers, already tapped out by high interest rates, revolt? What if protests and demonstrations once again spring up in response to administration policy? Could President Reagan virtually suspend the Bill of Rights and call out the troops, all in the name of public safety?

The answer is yes.

The driving force behind these plans is the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), an obscure office run by a handful of ex–military officers enlisted by President Reagan's top advisors. Officially, FEMA (pronounced FEE-ma) is charged with coordinating the federal response to natural and man-made disasters—including floods, hurricanes, chemical spills, and even radiological leaks. It was FEMA that engineered the buy-out of 2,400 residents of Times Beach, Missouri, two years ago when dangerous levels of cancer-causing dioxin were found in that town's soil.

But FEMA also claims responsibility over any emergency within the United States, including threats of terrorism, civil disturbance, and sabotage. The agency has secretly studied ways of waging economic warfare, for example, by manipulating foreign currencies, stockpiling strategic minerals, and even using "dirty tricks"—such as sabotage and terrorism. It has done so with the questionable legal excuse that FEMA has charge over economic emergencies, presumably referring to tactics used against the United States by our adversaries.

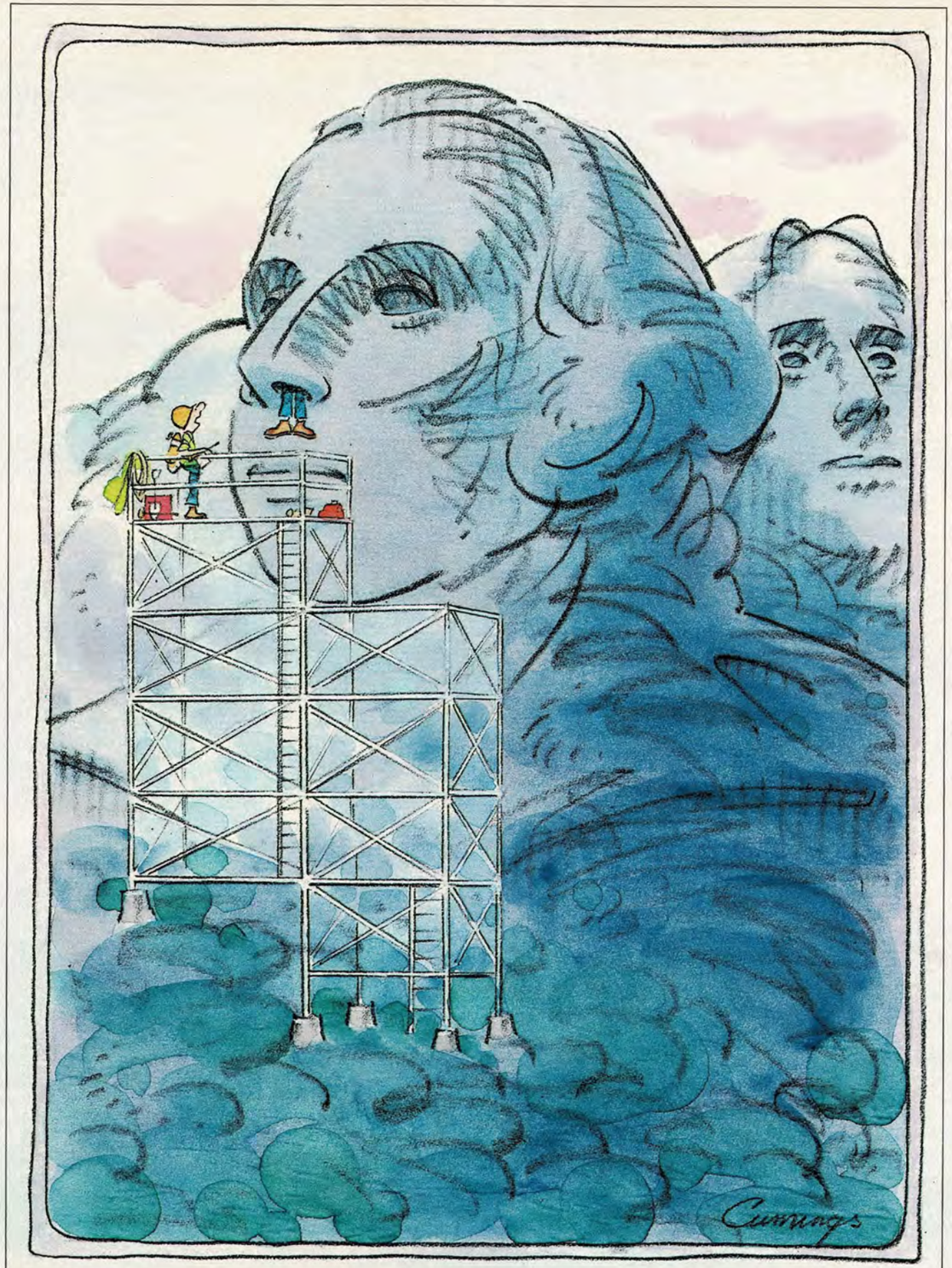
Government scientists have also provided FEMA with futuristic techniques for combating other emergencies, such as out-of-control mobs and hostage situations. They have proposed injecting terrorists with stimulants and tranquilizers to manipulate their actions in times of crisis, or zapping them with microwaves to alter their perceptions. Still another proposal is to use a stress detector, similar to an airport metal detector, presumably to pick out people under severe stress before they might attempt to rob a bank or shoot the president.

All of these far-flung schemes have one thing in common—they are all proposed for "emergency" situations. With that as its purpose, FEMA has branched out like a KGB or gestapo, justifying its activities in the name of protecting the public safety. Almost the only eventuality FEMA seems to be unprepared for is its primary assignment—helping state and local governments cope with real disasters. According to an internal review by the agency's inspector general, FEMA has not established sufficient management control over the funds earmarked for this purpose.

Congress, meanwhile, has little knowledge of how FEMA spends the taxpayers' money. Because of the agency's tangled history—it was set up by President Jimmy Carter in 1978—Congress is virtually hamstrung from making sure FEMA does what it is supposed to do. The agency has no legislative definition, so no congressional committee has the needed jurisdiction to exercise effective oversight. Yet no fewer than 14 subcommittees claim limited jurisdiction. "We just rubber-stamp FEMA's budget request," said one staff aide to a House appropriations subcommittee.

The man at the helm is Louis O. Giuffrida, a 64-year-old security-obsessed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



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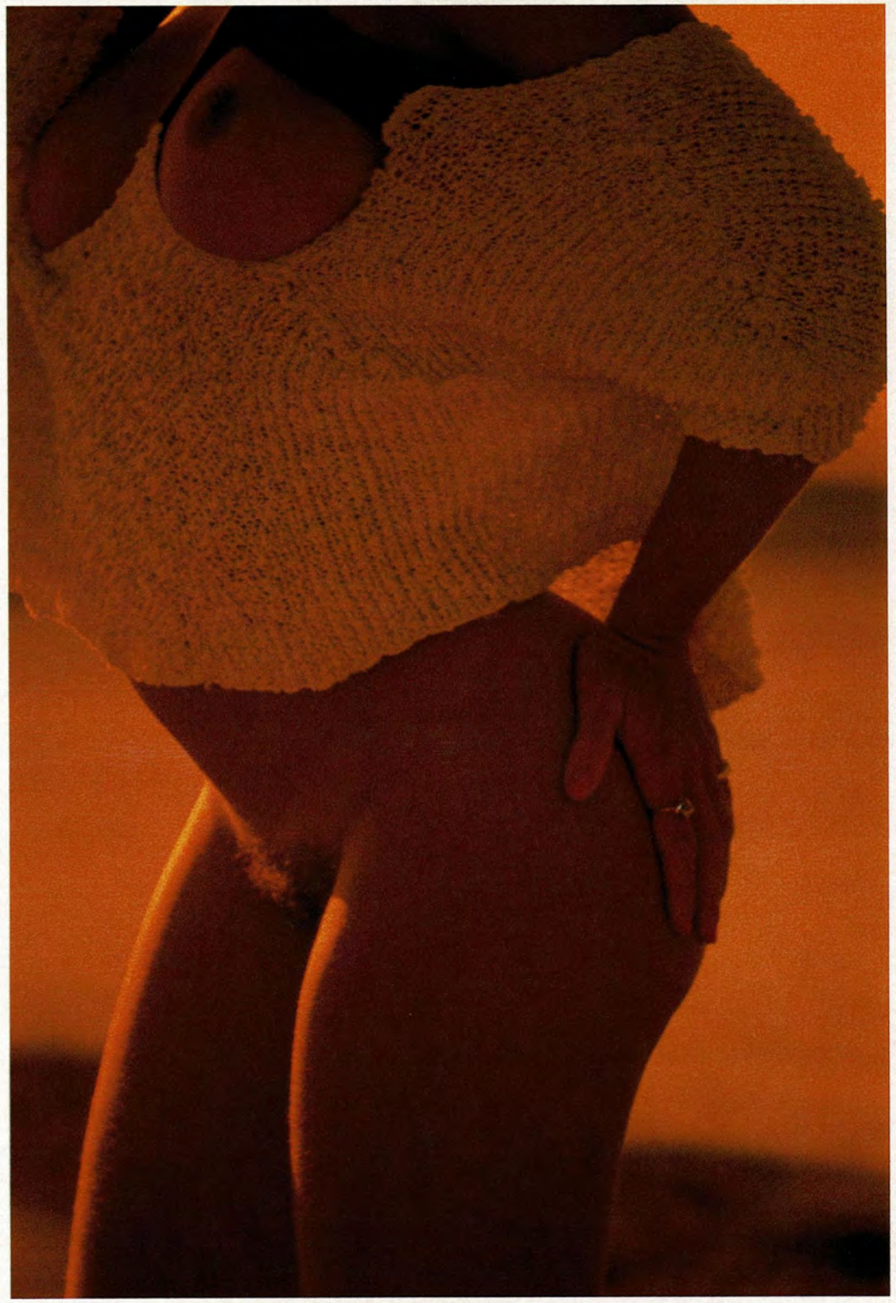
CELTIC CHARMER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

As a chic, well-engineered, Formula One, Frankfurt native Claudia Rüngen is the snazziest German import to storm our shores since the Mercedes—especially, she jokes, with her top down! But this elegant 36-24-36-inch old-world charmer has more to offer than her blond-haired, green-eyed, Celtic good looks. After high school she went to a university in Cologne, where, among other things, she studied German literature.



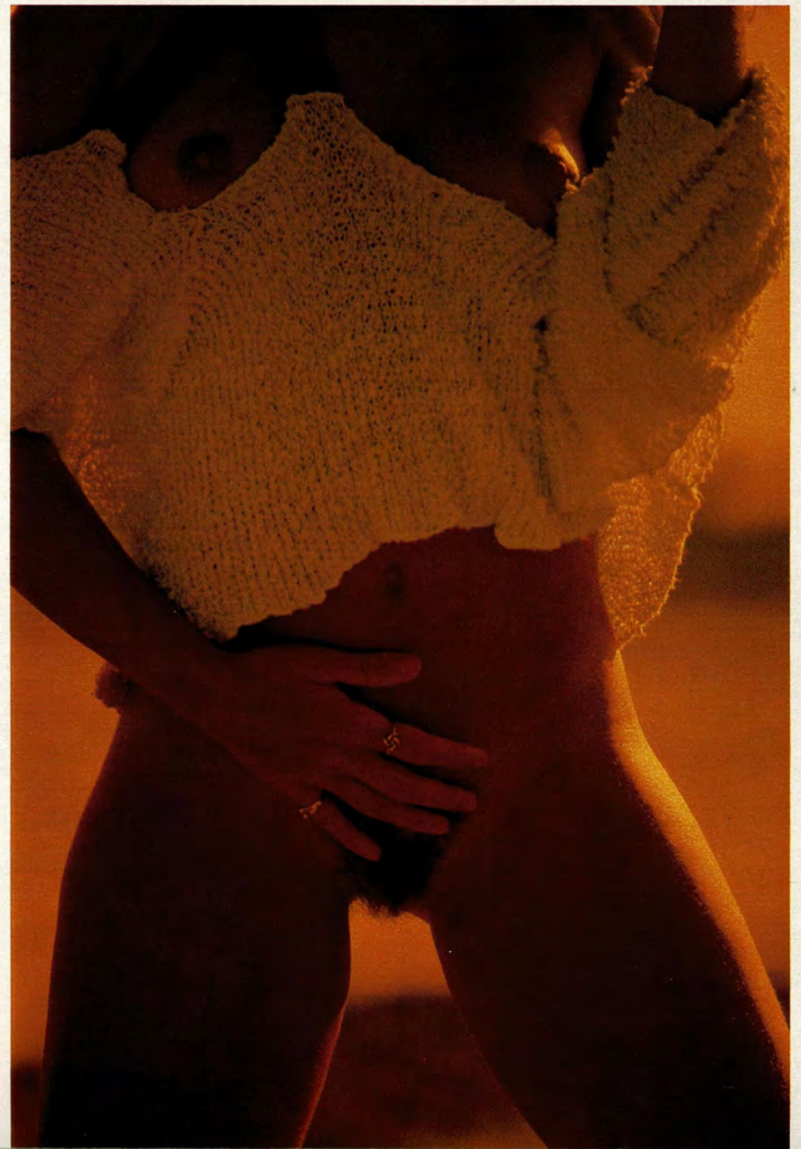
Clothes by Sabrina Frontino and Ora Fecter

She also developed a passionate interest in natural medicine and acupuncture. All the more appropriate—since Claudia's presence alone proves a tonic to most men's spirits.

But the best kind of medicine for Claudia herself is strenuous physical exertion. "I thrive on pushing my body to its limits, and beyond."

"It can be on a horse, in the ocean, in ballet class, or in bed with a man, so long as I end up totally exhausted. If I'm not sound asleep 20 seconds after sex, my partner's somehow failed me."

But Claudia still isn't ready for a permanent relationship. "There's so many men to choose from, I can't seem to make up my mind! Recently I played around with a man and another woman, which was very new and exciting. Even with my college degree, I still have a lot more to learn. . . ."



Is there death after sex?
For kids who
dream of nuclear holocaust,
maybe the
ultimate orgasm is the last.

SEX GHOULS

BY ROBIT HAIRMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BOB CARLOS CLARKE

You are standing in the hard green glare of the spots that light a downtown club in New York City. The place looks like it was decorated by heroin addicts on a rainy night. Streams of young suburban girls are pouring in. The fake-ID business must be booming because the entire crowd seems underage. Then, suddenly, the tedium is relieved. Through the tomblike door wafts a small swarm of vampirettes so sensually clad that they could make even the most jaded necrophiliac stalk them with an angry passion. They are the Sex Ghouls.

Petra Simmons, aka Petra Plasm, is one of them—a child of the night. She paints her face stark white, her lips bloodred. Black circles ring her eyes and her tangled mass of hair is dyed blue-black. Despite all this, she's radiating sex. She's dressed with the cold sensuality of Transylvanian high society, her breasts revealed through slits in her long formal dress.

By day Petra programs computers for a large office-automation company in Manhattan. She sits at a terminal in a windowless office which she laughingly refers to as "my private tomb." Her hours are flexible but she rarely leaves before dark, usually working until nine, then slipping into the ladies' room to don her disguise. Looking at her tonight, at an hour when all but the hard core have given in to sleep, you would never suspect Petra's occupation. And as she raises her leg over the barstool and rests her heel on the bar, you would be hard put to pin her down as a girl from a middle-class family in Peoria, Illinois.

"I'd make love to that man," Petra says casually, pointing to a trendily attired young musician, "because he's beyond the Fear. He wouldn't get all offended if I wanted him just for the night."

Who are the Sex Ghouls? Are they as kinky as their outfits would lead us to believe? And should you wear garlic when taking one to bed? Only one thing is certain: The streets that only a short time ago were patrolled by hard-core punks have been taken over by a new crew, and they're looser and more decadent than the punks—closer in type to Morticia Addams than Nancy Spungen.

The Sex Ghouls are not a movement in the sense of being an organized group with common goals. The undead do not need goals. They're young people who are up all night and often working all day. Beyond this they're constantly searching for new and more bizarrely sensual characters to play. Petra takes an average of two hours to don her outfit, and once she's done, she'll remain in costume for days on end, eating, sleeping, and making love *in character.*

Tonight, after three vodkas, she is sitting under the ultraviolet strips on the fourth floor of this establishment. Her face is ghostly pale and serene in the strange light. She is talking quietly to another of her kind: a man fit to go down in the petty history of these streets as the Great Sex Ghoul Ideologue. His name is Sandar. He's of East German extraction via Paraguay. He owns and operates the club. What's more, he seems to have modeled his own style after the Gothic decor; he's wearing an enormous red-plaid suit and has the aspect of a crazed scientist after he's just inhaled mercury fumes.

"A club must have a soul," Sandar announces in a grandiloquent tone. "The second floor of my club is the soul of the place." He means it sincerely; you can tell. As he says it he flays his arms around and moves in front of a wall covered with Day-Glo paintings of skeletons and skulls. In this setting his face appears so intense as to seem almost comical. "*Ja,*" he continues, "here I give a home to the children of extremes." Petra doesn't react to Sandar's statements. She sits and watches as if what Sandar is saying are her most basic assumptions. But the Sex Ghoul of indeterminate gender leaning on the bar

> Frankie described their lovemaking as "the dawn of amazing alien sex." He has now acquired the look of an up-and-coming vampire.

beside her feels moved to talk. "Still in the Zone, Captain Mandrake?" it asks with a delicate thrust of its huge mat of hair. Sandar shrugs, unoffended. He's used to being referred to as Captain Mandrake.

Closer inspection of the Sex Ghoul and the deep resonance of its voice leaves you with the reasoned deduction that the ghoul is male. His name is John and he looks like a window display from Frederick's of Hollywood after a night of nasty sex with a blender. His hair has settled into thick blue dreadlocks and covers one side of his face completely. His face is caked at least one-eighth of an inch deep with white base makeup. His eyebrows are shaved, his eye cavities painted, and his lips are bright red.

A huge crucifix hangs upside down from John's ear. Earlier in the evening, when John was dancing, it swung over and hit him in the face with enough force to draw blood. John blithely continues to wear the earring. "I got too deep into the frenzy," he says. His upper torso is wrapped in a corset/bra which shows off the tattoo of an angel on his upper arm. Besides this, he wears regular black jeans with frilly garters on each leg. But speaking to John you discover that, even with this elaborate guise, he's an open and likable guy. "I'm heterosexual," he says. "I have a steady girlfriend but I like to fuck around. . . . I never have any problem getting girls. They seem to like the way I dress, and my makeup."

John, when he's not gigging as a guitarist with one of the more extreme bands around, works in this club, taking tickets or cleaning up. He began dressing in costume for a band he was in. The goal of the band was, in his own words, "to recreate the sex show at Belsen." His style won him the affection of so many women that he saw little reason to shed his androgynous vampire guise. So now, having grown up in New Jersey and having spent three years in London, he has returned to Manhattan—where he can literally live by night. He spends most of his time in clubs, allowing himself to be seduced by aspiring Sex Ghouls. "It's all show biz to me," he says, "but I'm a musician. You can't dress one way for a show and another for the rest of your time. People would think you're a phony. Besides, this planet's not going to last too long, is it?" Like most other Sex Ghouls, John sees the future lit by a spectacular nuclear war, and claims that he is mentally prepared to live in post-nuclear conditions.

Psychologist Jane Fraser, whose 19-year-old daughter has taken to ghoulish guise, attributes the phenomenon to this belief. "We have an entire generation that has grown up convinced that our species will be destroyed by a nuclear catastrophe. It's no wonder they've equated sex and death." Fraser is quick to point out the irony of the attitude: "They're all convinced we're going to die, but it's a romanticized notion of death."

With a strange twist of logic, many Sex Ghouls feel liberated by the mushroom clouds on the horizon. It's the ultimate excuse. In Los Angeles, a five-minute film is circulating in the art houses. The plot is simple. A woman stands in a second-floor window watching a man work on a car. The sky lights up with a distant nuclear explosion. The man rushes upstairs and he and the woman make love with animal passion. Sex is always more passionate under a mushroom cloud.

Another Sex Ghoul, Nancy Cameron, is sitting on a stiff-backed chair and talking grimly about her life. One of her breasts is exposed by a tear in her Victorian lace nightie. As Nancy speaks she strokes the exposed breast as if it were a pet mouse. "I never leave my apartment," she says in a hoarse whisper, "unless I'm going to a club or a job. I meet a lot of men, but they come over here." Nancy indicates her large apartment with a sweeping gesture.

Glancing around the apartment you get the sensation that you're on the set of a European horror movie. All the chairs have high, stiff backs. A computer terminal sits

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in one corner with the screen displaying one of Nancy's own clothing designs—which itself looks like a deliberately shredded Victorian undergarment. There are at least three expensively framed posters featuring mushroom clouds, plus a poster for the film *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*. When asked why she lives surrounded by mushroom clouds, Nancy smiles and tells you that she likes mushrooms.

Nancy's hair is bleached platinum with blue streaks and covers her eyes. Her body is covered with hardware—skull rings on each finger and a belt that is so heavy that when she stands her posture is actually altered. Her face has a ravaged quality. She looks like Joan of Arc after a hard day leading the multitudes.

One year ago Nancy was 21 and, after a failed suicide attempt, decided she would "play possum." She did all the drugs she could find and cultivated an immeasurable cool. She made sure that she never saw daylight, quit her job as a legal secretary, and winged it, living off men she met at clubs. She was spotted by a video director and asked to appear in an MTV commercial, and thus began her modeling career. Currently she earns an average of $700 a day for standing awkwardly in front of hot lights. As a result, whenever she speaks she does so locked in a seductive posture.

Nancy claims credit for beginning the Sex Ghoul cult. She talks about it as if it were a conspiracy. "You know how cults begin?" Nancy asks, revving up for a rhetorical onslaught. "A few people get an idea and live it out . . . then everyone wants to be in on it." When questioned what "idea" she is referring to, a hint of anger creeps into Nancy's voice and she begins singing Prince's song "1999" in cryptic whispers: "Life is just a party and a party wasn't meant to last."

Whether or not Nancy is the source whence springeth this cult, she has a point. Rock 'n' roll cults tend to begin at street level. A small group of people discover some new, outrageous territory—in lifestyle, attitude, or music—and adopt it as their personal identity. Others latch onto it and, finally, if the originators do not themselves form a band, someone else will and the style will hit the clubs. Then if the idea has some resonance, if it in any way articulates something that's niggling the public subconscious, it will spread quickly, through print media, record companies, and, when it has achieved mass-market status, television.

In the case of the Sex Ghoul the means of transmission seems to be, at this point, primarily sexual. The way to become a Sex Ghoul is to sleep with one. Case in point: Anita Shuelberg started hanging around the clubs in her native Philadelphia at age 19. She became intrigued by the weird glamour of a guy she met there. His face was whiter than pale. One half of his head had been shaved clean and he had a Tibetan symbol tattooed on his skull. Around his neck he wore a dyed-black surgical neck brace, for purely cosmetic reasons, and he was always dressed androgynously. Despite Anita's blue jeans and "nice girl" attire, she succeeded in taking the Sex Ghoul home. "It was so calm and romantic," she recalls, "that I knew I was going to be influenced." Anita was struck by the man's extraordinary calm and his self-confidence. "He never spoke, but he could dominate the attention of the entire room just by turning his head . . . and that wasn't just because he wore the brace."

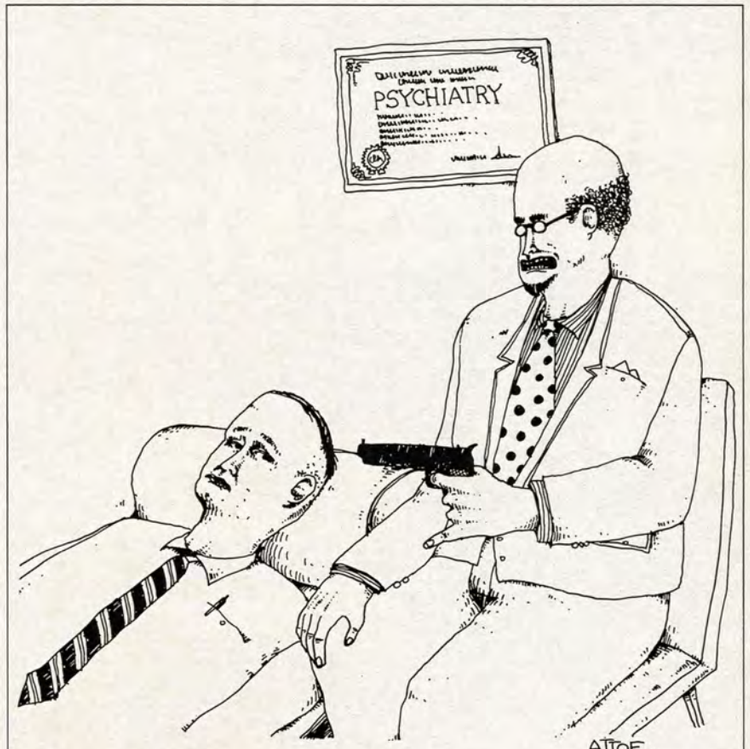
They slept together twice. But it was long enough for the myth to flash like a thousand strobes in Anita's 19-year-old eyes. She felt transformed. She felt eerie. "I feel like I have this weird glow," she'll tell you sincerely. Now, six months later, we find Anita standing in the eerie light beside the dance floor at the Garage Club in Manhattan. She has moved here following the call she heard in Philadelphia. "There seem to be a lot more people like me here," she remarks.

Anita feels more comfortable when at least a hundred decibels of subsonic frequencies are making the dance floor vibrate and she is performing the myth of the vampire for her mind's mirror, feeling herself being stalked by turned-on men. She is in on a secret; this she is sure of. It's a secret that is dark and flashing and makes her feel invulnerable to the fear of being an anxious kid on the job market. And it makes her invulnerable to the fear that "our doom buddies"—Anita's term for politicians—are going to destroy us.

Anita pumps Häagen-Dazs daily at an ice cream parlor. "I take a lot of flak from the geeks I work with because of the way I look," she reports. "But for $4.75 an hour, I'm not about to advertise their corporate image." After work she joins other young Sex Ghouls and vampirettes, and they either swarm over to club land or hang around in lofts all night. "It's like a secret way of life. You'll never understand from the outside. I paint my face and wear metal but that's only the flag. It's the feeling of living forever that attracts me, I guess."

To find a Sex Ghoul you stand in the most crowded area of a late-night club and close your eyes. Then simply wait. When a wave of depression washes over your body, open your eyes, and there's bound to be one standing nearby.

Peter Smadzinsky of Los Angeles tried this technique and it worked for him. Smadzinsky has been keeping the company of Ghouls for six months—since he began working the night shift managing a Hollywood recording studio. "I started going with bands from my studio to after-hours clubs and meeting these cute little vampires," says Smadzinsky. As a devoted fan of Elvira, who dons ghoulish and horny disguises to host an L.A. tele-



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vision horror-movie series, Smadzinsky found himself turned on and began to date these girls. "They'd come home with me and fuck for fuck's sake. It was refreshing, since I'd just got out of an intense relationship." Soon two girls were crashing nightly at his studio. "It's a whole way of life," he reports. "You have to enjoy seeing dawn from the wrong end."

Smadzinsky wears the eye of the casual observer. He appreciates the scene but is immune to its call by virtue of his 36 years on this planet. He claims his pallid complexion is simply a studio tan. But there are other, younger men who, once bitten by the wild and unnatural energy of these shapely Ghouls, have taken the attitude to heart.

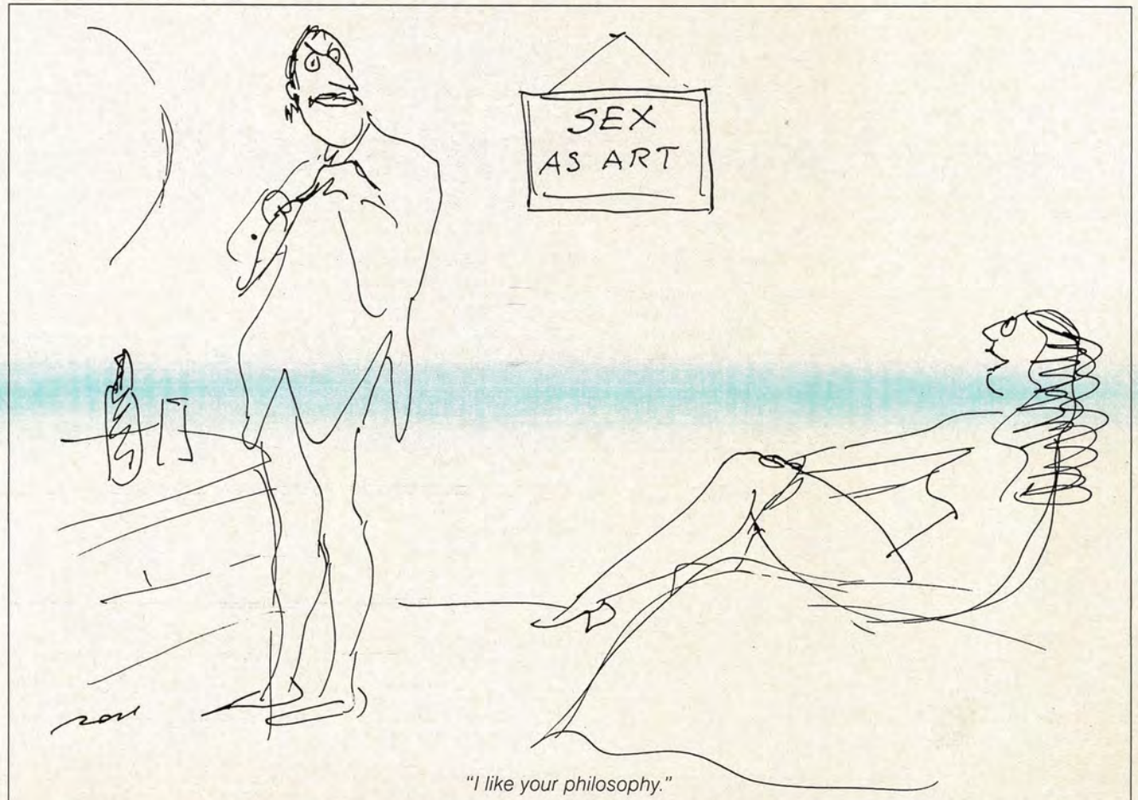
Frankie Rex found himself attracted to a Sex Ghoul one fateful, eerie night in New York City. "I wasn't sure I liked all that paint and Catholic shit she wore," says Frankie, "but I was turned on." Frankie worked hard to consummate his attraction. He asked her out to dinner and she told him to fuck off. This did not dissuade him; he simply got more excited. "Guess I have a pretty kinky streak," he says. After trying five different ploys, and on the verge of going to a trendier place and looking for a woman who "looked like she was of this earth," Frankie came out and said simply, "Look, the bomb might drop later tonight and I want to be fucking you if it does." She laughed. "Okay," she replied, "you can come to my place."

Frankie describes the ensuing hours as "the dawn of amazing alien sex." After this he began to find the world of the Sex Ghouls fascinating enough to inspire him to quit his day job and begin working as a barman in a club. "I just didn't feel at home in daylight any longer," he says. Frankie has acquired the look and manner of an up-and-coming vampire. He watches "The Twilight Zone" religiously and is constantly on the hunt for new paraphernalia to add to his perennial outfit: dreadlocks, Victorian suits, a cape, large crucifixes (always upside-down), skull rings, and high-heeled black boots. Frankie admits with a calm smile, "I've been won over. I'm a Sex Ghoul."

The more serious and artsy Sex Ghouls have been recently making their presence felt on the airwaves and in movie theaters. Recent dance hits like "The Dominatrix Sleeps Tonight" are the result of electronic musicians cannily picking up on the trend and turning out tracks to serve this new market. But the theme song of the Sex Ghouls is Frankie Goes to Hollywood's single "Relax," a high-energy celebration of sex as horror show, produced by the ingenious sound manipulator Trevor Horn. The film *The Hunger* has also been incorporated into the mythology. Catherine Deneuve plays an ageless, ancient vampire who lures the likes of David Bowie and Susan Sarandon to her home, seduces them, and turns them into vampires. Sex Ghoul bands, too, are springing up. The nightclub Danceteria was recently host to a performance by a native Sex Ghoul band, Latex Sex Camp, and an English band, Alien Sex Fiends.

The fact that a Sex Ghoul might be mistaken, by the casual observer, for a punk is a thorn in the side of both Ghouls and punks. There is a radical difference between the two sets. The Sex Ghouls took the outrageousness of punk and romanticized it, by melding the style with the dark mythology of the vampire. Like the punks, every Sex Ghoul interviewed believes that humanity is due for a nuclear jolt. But unlike the punks, the Sex Ghouls accept it. Life is simply a party that's going to end with a bang. It's perpetual Halloween on the dark side of the dawn.

In a curious way, it's fitting that rock should embrace the imagery of vampires. We've just about exhausted the lexicon of outrage. And for the thousands of kids who stayed up late to watch Bela Lugosi undead on television, the vampire became a sexual symbol—the symbol of romantic desolation. For a generation that has grown up with sex and nuclear doom, it's the spot in our collective mythology where the two can fit comfortably together. Don't bother wearing garlic. As Petra Plasm says, "We're all going to die. Let's make love."



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WAR IS SWELL

BY PAULA MANN

ACROSS THE COUNTRY, CITIZEN SOLDIERS ARE JOINING FORCES TO PLAY AMERICA'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL SPORT: THE SURVIVAL GAME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDDIE ADAMS

"You know what the secret of survival is?" he sneers. "To kill people." He's sprawled on his belly in the dirt only ten feet away, his gun staring in my face. I can't remember my mouth ever feeling so dry. Beads of sweat are clinging to my palms and forehead. "I'm going to get you, you goddamn coward," he yells, as his index finger tightens around the trigger.

Simultaneously, the tree branch next to my right ear explodes. Spinning around, I drop into a shooting crouch, both hands gripping my gun. A platoon of counterinsurgents runs past me and dives for cover. Gunfire whizzes by. My attacker is reloading furiously. Any moment it might be all over—I could be wiped out hundreds of miles from home, just another soldier teetering on the knife's edge of life. One false move—and into oblivion, like so many of my comrades.

Yet I'm ecstatic to be alive. An overwhelming surge of power, of unclaimed, untapped passion, shoots through me as if I've been injected with a potent drug, the needle still sticking into my skin. Stepping out into the ongoing hail of gunfire, I take aim at my adversary and, calmly, as if pushing an elevator button, I blast away. A grapefruit-size stain splashes the back of his head, the bright red drops trickle down his neck. I have an uncontrollable urge to laugh. So this is what war is about: kid's stuff. Playing God in the woods. Planning raids, sneak attacks, ambushes of the enemy. Only instead of the pretend "bang, bang, you're dead," we've got the real thing in our hands.

"Man, I'm so scared I'm gonna piss my pants," a buddy calls out from behind a tree. The others have scattered to save the hill, leaving us to guard the rear. As with me, this is his first war. Pointing midway up the mound he identifies the enemy—a half-dozen camouflaged guerrillas zigzagging across the hill toward us. With no time to reload, we duck behind some brush, intent on making a quick retreat.

"How do we get out of here?" I plead. My mouth is dry again, and the palms of my hands are noticeably wet.

"Over by the river. Follow me," he says, crashing through the brush.

I'm running for all I'm worth, chasing after glimpses of my buddy's fatigues. The voices behind me are getting louder. Cries of "Let's rape the women, kill the men" push me on through the knee-high brush. My legs keep stumbling over logs, thorny branches slap me in the face, and now my goggles are steaming up. I can no longer see where I'm going. I can't stop or they'll catch me. A shot flies past, so close that its windy trail ruffles my hair. Where's the river? If we could only find the river. Another "pop" sounds over my shoulder. I duck. It catches my buddy square on his back.

"Keep moving," he yells at me. "Cover your ass, girl!"

I'm running blind now, out of sheer terror. Suddenly the blue shimmer of water glows through a clump of palms up ahead. With my last ounce of effort, I push forward and fall, panting, on the river's muddy banks. There, directly in front

The weapons and bullets look authentic, but they're not real. The fear, excitement, and the instinct to survive, however, are very real: They're the principal reasons thousands are attracted to the Survival Game. It's a sport that, in the words of one suburban guerrilla, "stirs up every feeling God ever made."

of me, hanging over a line of rope and fluttering in the wind, waves the enemy flag. What unbelievable luck! Here's my chance to be a hero. Lunging toward the dirty strip of cloth, I tear it off the line.

Immediately, the hard thrust of a metal finger pokes into my ribs. "You're dead, motherfucker. Now give me that flag." A pair of mean-looking scars run up and down his bare arms. He thrusts the fatal 11-inch barrel into my belly. Staring into his black angry eyes, I know that there is no way out. He grits his teeth and, without a moment's hesitation, pulls the trigger.

"Okay, you guys, game's over," announces a kid through a bullhorn.

Welcome to the National Survival Game—the controversial sport that looks so much like war, it's still illegal in some states. On a typical Saturday afternoon like this one, I joined a group of ordinary citizens—computer technicians, lawyers, and businessmen—who regularly arm themselves with guns and take to the woods. Rather than mow the lawn, go fishing, or indulge in a game of football, these professionals prefer to spend their weekends playing a more thrilling sport: They hunt humans.

Our weapons look authentic, but they're actually harmless Nel-Spot marking pistols. Our bullets aren't real, either; they're CO_2-propelled gum ball–size paint capsules. Our fear, excitement, and instinct to "survive," however, are very real; they're the principal reasons thousands of people all over the country are attracted

The Survival Game strikes a balance between the danger of real war and the security of a backyard game. This is an adolescent's war: the thrill of participation without risk. The comradeship and the turn-on that danger gives are wrapped up in an intense power trip free from moral responsibilities.

to the Survival Game. It's a sport that, in the words of one suburban guerrilla, "stirs up every feeling God ever made."

On a sunny day in Plattekill, New York, Jerry Braun, owner of a successful 200-acre game field, addresses the "troops"—250-odd new recruits and veteran players divided into teams—before the day's first battle. "This is the most fun you'll ever have—with your pants on," he tells us. Everybody is milling about in head-to-toe camouflage outfits: head nets, jumpsuits, combat boots, gun belts, even camo bandannas. One eager guerrilla, a real estate salesman from the Bronx, sports a completely blackened face framed by pine branches attached to the top of his jungle hat. After target practice, he's anxious to start the manhunt. "You can never understand what this is like till you do it," he confides. "It's a real high."

The game itself is surprisingly simple—an adults-only version of a backyard kids' game called "capture the flag." Two flags are placed at opposite ends of a 20–50-acre wooded field. At the starting signal, each team attempts to capture the enemy flag and return it to home base without getting shot. If a player *is* shot, he must surrender and leave the battlefield to the survivors. Two roving judges are assigned to each team to enforce the rules and watch for accidents. Because a close-range hit can draw a mean-looking welt, everyone is required to wear regulation safety goggles.

Although the Survival Game sounds and feels like real battle, Braun, a corporate lawyer, insists otherwise. Having played more than 200 times, he defends the experience as "antithetical to violence" and says that it's safer than Little League baseball. "This game," he says forcefully, "has nothing to do with war. It just looks like it. It's really a chance to be a kid again. We may look grown-up, but there's still the little boy inside who wants to get out and play."

A lot of "grown-ups" evidently feel the same way—including the three friends who brainstormed the Survival Game into existence barely four years ago. Charles Gaines, author of *Pumping Iron,* Hayes Noel, a stock and options trader, and Bob Gurnsey, a former ski-shop owner, had kicked around the idea for years. They claim they never intended to play war. They simply wanted to settle a running dispute: Could a city boy outsmart a country boy playing war in the woods? Although the wager was never settled, the first game, played in Henniker, New Hampshire, in 1981, was such a gas that they incorporated the idea. The Survival Game has since grown into a million-dollar business played annually by an estimated 100,000 adults in some 200 game fields in the United States, Canada, Europe, and South Africa.

Even though the nonlethal manhunts have been repeatedly criticized and boycotted by gun-control groups, major corporations increasingly patronize them as a means of promoting good employee relations. The psychological premise seems to be that coworkers who shoot out their aggressions on Saturday and Sunday are more productive Monday through Friday.

In California's Silicon Valley, dozens of software consultants and engineers hunt their bosses and coworkers every weekend under such militant pseudonyms as the Headhunters and Blood Guard. Jerry Braun's fields have been booked for staff outings by *Reader's Digest,* IBM, AT&T, and the New Jersey State Police. News of the game was spread around by two commodities traders who played and brought coworkers back with them to fight the following weekend; the weekend after, more than 100 showed up in battle gear. "This game's a great leveler," Braun notes. "Our players range from Hewlett-Packard executives to supermarket meat packers." And south of the Mason-Dixon line, it's much the same.

> Rather than mow the lawn or indulge in a game of football, these professionals prefer to spend their weekends playing a more thrilling sport: They hunt humans.

Twenty physicians from Tampa drive down to Sarasota once a month to test their aim against a group of lawyers in the Florida West Coast Survival Game. Situated on a 317-acre island, this state-of-the-art game field is run by one Eric Blum. The battlefield boasts Indian mounds, royal palms, and an alligator-filled swamp. One of the game's regular guerrillas, Robert Southerland, is a modest, soft-spoken computer marketing executive. He works in a highly competitive profession and, at 25 years old, can expect a six-figure income before he turns 30—if he can stand the heat. "After an intense game, I notice the difference when I go home," he says. "My frustrations and tensions are gone. It's good therapy."

Even some church groups consider the Survival Game good clean fun. Ken Kates drives one and a half hours with a group of friends from the Assembly of God Church in Lakeland, Florida, to play in the Florida West Coast game. Ken and his friends are students at Southeastern College of the Assembly of God and most of them plan on going into the ministry after graduation. Yet they have no qualms about shooting each other in the woods. "We know it's a game and we like to play together," Ken says. Even if it's just a game, these Bible students draw the line somewhere: "We won't play against girls. It just wouldn't feel right."

They may have to play against girls sooner or later, because more and more women are trying their hand at this ultimate male-fantasy sport. At last count, about 15 percent of the camouflaged warriors were female—and most of them know how to hit what they're aiming at.

Karen Stark, a Florida West Coast regular, wears her blond hair in a Farrah Fawcett shag and works as a supermarket cashier during the week. On weekends she is a prized member of her team, Soldiers of Survival, and one of the best shots in Manatee County, Florida. "I'm going for a trophy," she states. On a recent exploit, she led her team waist-deep through the Manatee River in a successful ambush. No stranger to weapons, she likes to hunt ducks and has a gun collection, including rifles, shotguns, and a .22 magnum, which she uses to practice for next year's national competition.

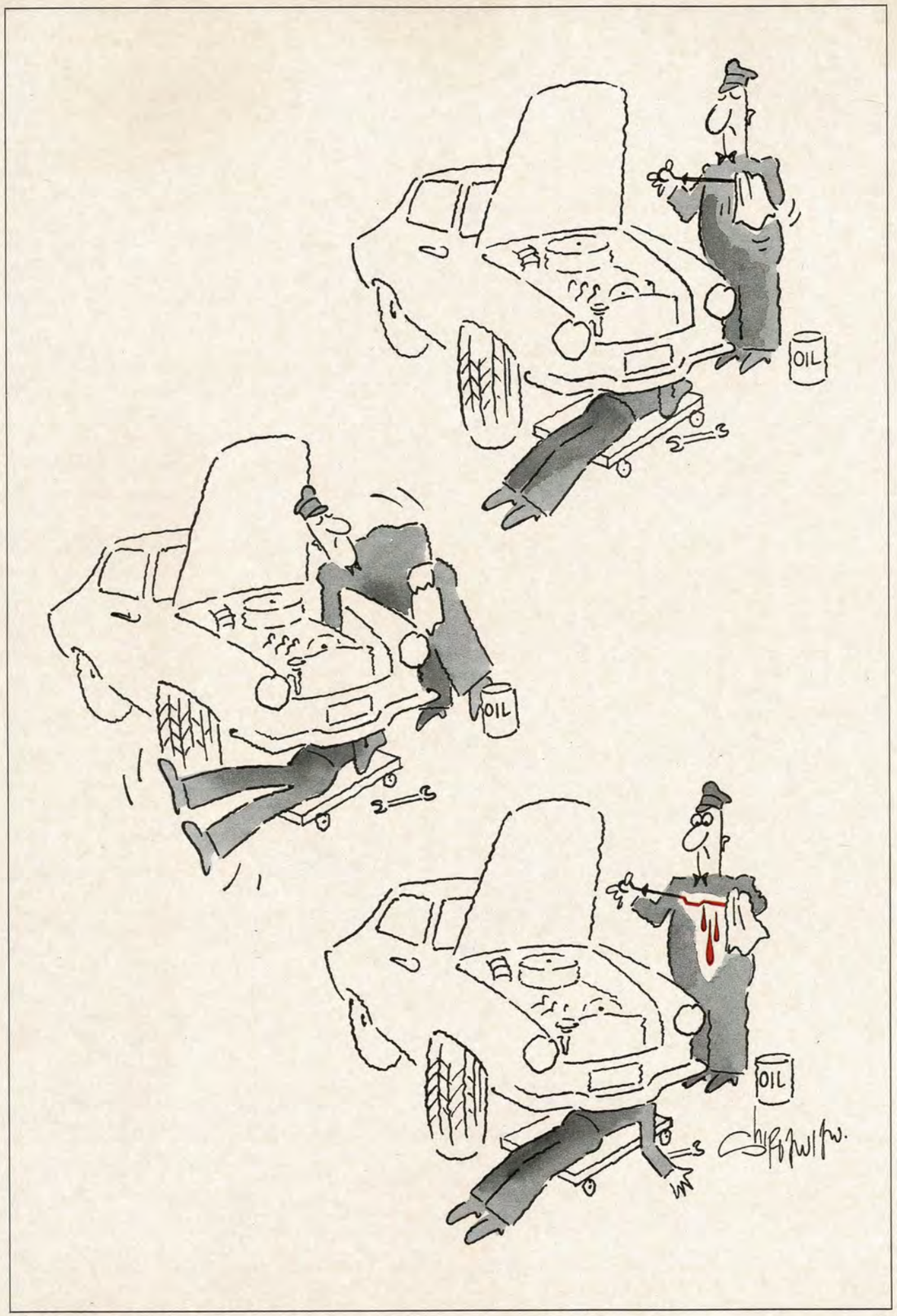
Because of its military trappings, it's often assumed that many Vietnam veterans play the Survival Game. But the truth is that most vets choose to stay away. Ex-marine Steve Carouthers is one who initially was repulsed.

"I didn't want to have anything to do with shooting people," he says. But after his first game, he changed his mind. "I got such a kick out of it. You do things here you wouldn't do in real battle. Here the pellets don't shoot through limbs. In Da Nang, when I was standing out there on a line at night, a lot of things would go through my mind. When I play the game, I just think of one thing: surviving."

Everyone has his own reasons for playing the Survival Game. When I asked a group of weekend guerrillas what initially brought them to play, I heard ten different stories. But when I ask why they keep coming back, the story is the same. References to cowboys and Indians and cops and robbers keep popping up.

The Survival Game works because it strikes a balance between the limitless danger of real war and the security of a backyard game. This is an adolescent's version of war—the thrill of participation without risk. The comradeship and the turn-on that danger gives are wrapped up in an intense power trip—all for a one-time fee, free from moral responsibilities.

As he walks back to the base after a heavy day's shooting in the Florida woods, Steve Mitchell, another Florida West Coast regular, adjusts the visor on his cap, which reads, "Kill 'em all—let God sort 'em out," before he leans over and confides, "My wife just had a baby three weeks ago. I was out here that Saturday playing. Brought the baby out the following weekend." A shadow of regret crosses his face. "It wasn't a boy, but maybe I can convince her to play when she's old enough."



TYRANNY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

ex–California National Guard officer. He likes his staff to call him by his former rank—general—and he's even been specially deputized to carry a side arm at all times, just in case of trouble.

Giuffrida runs a tight ship. Posted throughout FEMA's Washington headquarters are warning signs urging employees to keep their phone conversations unclassified and to safeguard sensitive information. The agency plans to hire a private firm to analyze its security precautions, and to write a manual teaching workers how to be more careful. A recently installed telephone system automatically records each number dialed, and managers are required to certify that each call is official business. (Warns one agency memo, "Calling to say you will be home late could result in a fine or separation from the job.")

Giuffrida dismisses charges that he has carried his agency's security precautions a little too far. "I have never done anything illegal or immoral," he insists, slamming his hand down hard on the table. While refusing to discuss specific plans or projects, he freely offers a discourse on how important it is to be ready, just in case. He has seen firsthand, he says, what failing to prepare for an emergency can mean. His reference, of course, is to World War II and his ensuing service with the Army in Berlin during the iciest days of the Cold War.

But the problem is, where do you draw the line when defining "emergency"?

Giuffrida's ties to President Reagan reach back to the early 1970s, during Reagan's second term as governor of California. At the time, men like these felt that the nation was coming apart at the seams. Riots and protests, hippies, Yippies, and flower children—everywhere they turned, radicals seemed hell-bent on tearing down society. In Reagan's eyes, these weren't young citizens taking to the streets to air legitimate gripes in an open society. They were the enemy, and their goal was anarchy.

Confused and alarmed at the failure of police to extinguish these protests, in 1971 the governor created a special school where law-enforcement officials from all over could learn tactics for combating civil disturbances.

Giuffrida, plucked from his post as head of the Army's Combat Developments Command, where he studied military law enforcement and developed strategies for military police, was picked to run the new facility—the California Specialized Training Institute (CSTI), located in San Luis Obispo. During his ten years as director at CSTI, he trained more than 27,000 officials from every state in the country and from 25 foreign nations.

Giuffrida personally taught the California Civil Disorder Management Course, described as a "one-week, highly intensified and coordinated learning exercise in all phases of civil disorder management." Among the topics discussed in the course were:

- Unrest in Modern Society;
- Control Force Intelligence;
- Dissent, Disruptions, and Violence;
- Contemporary Insurgency;
- Terrorism; and
- Mass Arrest Procedures.

One of CSTI's more notable inventions was the first SWAT team, which stands for "special weapons and tactics." The now-famous SWAT teams, adopted by police forces all over the world, have since been glorified on television. They didn't start out that way. Training manuals at CSTI made frequent references to "combat patrols," "neutralizing the enemy," and establishing contact with "friendly and enemy forces." The squads were made up mostly of Vietnam veterans.

> The only thing this secret agency seems to be unprepared for is its primary assignment—helping local governments cope with real disasters.

"If you know about LURP," Giuffrida once said, referring to the "long-range reconnaissance patrols" used extensively in Vietnam (as sort of the regular Army's version of the Green Berets), "then you know what SWAT is—adapted, of course, to domestic needs in an urban setting."

Giuffrida has staffed his agency with at least a dozen retired military officers, many of whom now make substantially more than they did before their move to Washington. One career employee, Duane Murray, an assistant associate director, claimed in a sworn affidavit that he was ordered to hire "old military friends" as consultants and staff employees, sometimes creating new jobs when none existed.

Sources say that FBI Director William H. Webster once cornered Giuffrida at a White House meeting and told him to "call off Frank Salcedo," though neither agency will confirm the tale. But one high-ranking FEMA official, since retired, said that Giuffrida and Salcedo (who heads up FEMA's Civil Security Division) were purposely encroaching on the FBI's domain of gathering intelligence on potential troublemakers as part of their antiterrorism efforts. "They were pushing the limits, testing the waters to find out how far they could go," the source explained.

Giuffrida is not alone among administration officials in his deep-rooted fear of civil unrest. His guardian angel is Attorney General Edwin Meese III, whose current position as the nation's top law-enforcement officer does not bode well for those opposed to the subtle erosion of basic liberties in the name of some imagined emergency. Meese is no stranger to civil disturbance. His firsthand knowledge goes back 17 years, while a top aide to Governor Reagan.

In 1968, as protests against the war in Vietnam grew in both numbers and intensity, a Pentagon task force on civil disorder hatched a multipronged program to deal with the rising mobs. It was dubbed Operation Garden Plot, and it recommended a massive plan to gather intelligence on American citizens by the use of informants and infiltrators. The targets were anyone unfortunate enough to disagree with the Nixon White House.

Garden Plot evolved into a series of annual training exercises based on contingency plans to undercut riots and demonstrations, ultimately developed for every major city in the United States. Participants in the exercises included key officials from all law-enforcement agencies in the nation, as well as the National Guard, the military, and representatives of the intelligence community. According to the plan, joint teams would react to a variety of scenarios based on information gathered through political espionage and informants. The object was to quell urban unrest, and the different war games ranged from minor scuffles with a handful of protesters to serious confrontations between police and large mobs.

At first, the Garden Plot exercises focused primarily on racial conflict. But beginning in 1970, the scenarios took a different twist. The joint teams, made up of cops, soldiers, and spies, began practicing battle with large groups of protesters. According to the new scenario, the swelling crowds would apparently pour out into the streets to protest some new foreign policy announcement by President Nixon. California, under the leadership of Ronald Reagan, was among the most enthusiastic participants in the Garden Plot war games.

On April 30, 1970, Nixon announced the invasion of Cambodia. By the following day, massive demonstrations erupted across the nation. The protesters were in for a rude awakening: They were met head-on by well-organized squads of police and National Guardsmen, who attacked the crowds as if working from some secret plan. From that point on, at least in California, the protesters were never able to regain the momentum they once had.

On May 26, police, military, and intelligence officials from all over the state met in Sacramento to secretly celebrate their success. During the two-day conference, speaker after speaker talked glowingly of victory, and referred to the demonstrators as "revolutionaries," "vandals," "kooks," "gooks," and "enemies of society."

On May 27, Ed Meese addressed the closed-door conference as Governor Reagan's personal emissary. "This is an ongoing effort," he told the group, "and is something that despite resistance, despite the activities of some who state this is overreacting, this is an operation, this is an exercise, this is an objective which is going forward. . . ."

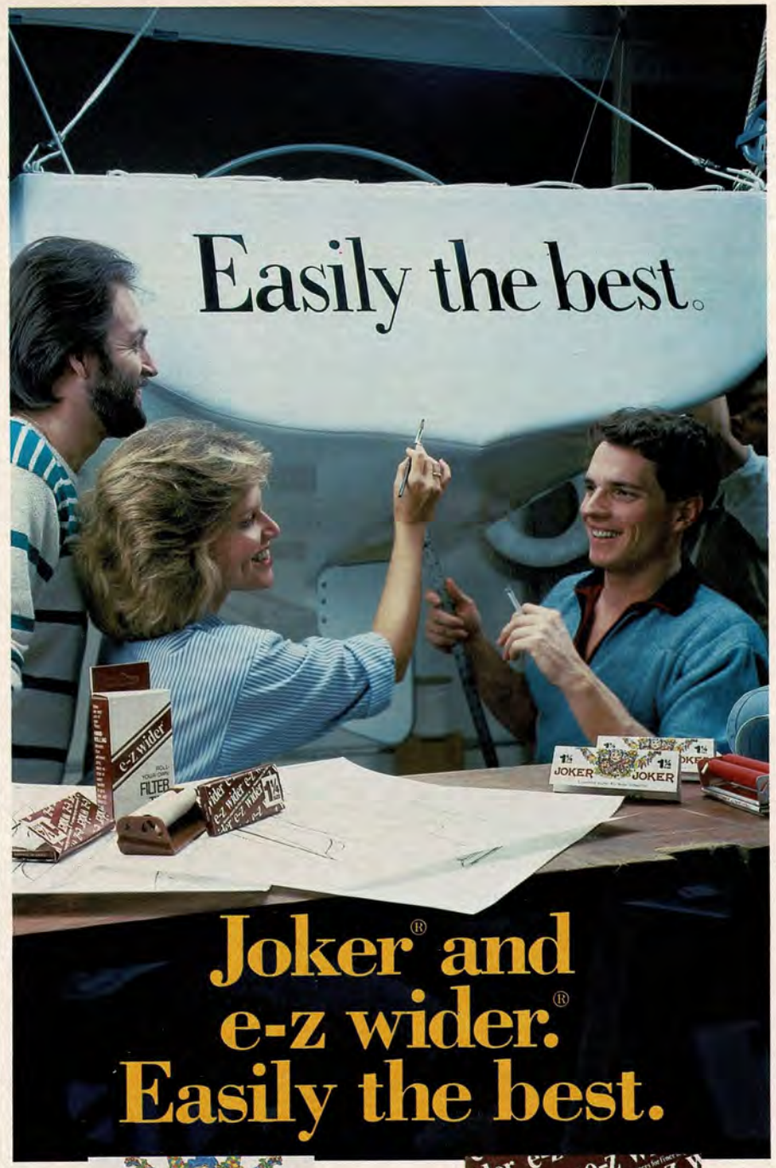
Meese was right. Government sources and Pentagon documents confirm that Operation Garden Plot is still in existence, and is still the blueprint for taking on riots and demonstrations. One internal Pentagon document, dated 1982, describes Garden Plot as the guide for using the military in case of civil disturbance: "This plan provides the basis for the deployment and employment of military resources, including the National Guard personnel who are called-up, for use in civil disturbance operations in the 50 states, District of Columbia, Commonwealth of Puerto Rico and U.S. territories and possessions, as directed by the President," the document states.

And while Garden Plot has remained the primary blueprint for military intervention in civil disturbance, FEMA has been practicing war games of its own that bear a striking similarity to the Garden Plot exercises of 1970.

In early 1984, FEMA officials and other interested government planners spent several days locked in secured conference rooms and engaged in a secret exercise called Rex-84. The Rex exercises, held every two years since 1978, test the federal government's emergency plans against hypothetical events. Rex-82, for example, was held in conjunction with a Pentagon war game called Proud Saber, and had as one of its main objectives the testing of industry's ability to mobilize quickly for wartime military production. (According to the unpublished test results, industry failed miserably.)

But the 1984 version of the classified exercise was cloaked in more secrecy than ever before. The updated scenario called for some undisclosed foreign crisis, presumably in Central America this time, to spark a series of emergency situations. The game plan called for a mass of refugees, touched off perhaps by a U.S. invasion of Nicaragua, to flood across the Mexican–U.S. border. FEMA, with the aid of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, was to apprehend and detain some 400,000 of these refugees in a six-hour period.

Rex-84 dictated that the refugees be held in a series of detention camps at military bases across the country. The scenario was based on the premise that



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a number of terrorists would be planted among the refugees. According to one report of the game plan, other protesters, dissidents, or feared troublemakers would be rounded up with them.

Several planners familiar with Rex-84 have raised serious questions about the true intent of the exercise. They point out, for example, that the Mexican border area and the territory to the south are rough and foreboding terrain. They believe it would be practically impossible to have that many refugees flooding our southern border in such a short time, and thus, the scenario makes little sense.

But there is another possibility: Rex-84 might have been practice for handling large crowds already here. Just as Garden Plot helped law-enforcement officials take on demonstrators in 1970, Rex-84 could have had the same goal. The scenario based on a flood of refugees might simply have been a thinly veiled plan to take on protesters following some controversial government action. And if the 1970 Garden Plot exercises are any indication, the government will be well practiced this time, too.

An internal Pentagon document dated December 1, 1983, meanwhile, describes in detail the military's directions for calling out the troops in case of some undefined emergency. The document, prepared by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, lists exceptions to the Posse Comitatus Act, the federal law that prohibits the military from operating within the United States. The document gives as its authority for such actions "the inherent legal right of the United States Government to ensure the preservation of public order . . . by force if necessary," a vague and inaccurate claim that the Supreme Court had dismissed when President Truman attempted to use it to justify taking over steel mills in the early 1950s.

Here is how the Joint Chiefs of Staff would bring in the troops in an emergency: "Normally a state of martial law will be proclaimed by the President," the document states. However, "in the absence of such action by the President, a senior military commander may impose martial law in an area of his command where there has been a complete breakdown in the exercise of government functions by local civilian authorities."

Thus, local officers are entrusted with using their judgment in calling for military actions in the United States. But even if martial law is not declared, the military can take over law-enforcement activities "limited to those actions that are necessary to prevent loss of life and wanton destruction of property."

Legal scholars say this vague language can be interpreted to include just about any situation—even a relatively peaceful protest. Even more frightening is how the courts can be taken over by the Pentagon, again in the name of some vague emergency: "Military assumption of judicial, law enforcement, and administrative functions of local government will be based on necessity that is actual and present. . . ."

FEMA, of course, would play an integral part in life under the Pentagon's martial law. According to the document, "Accomplishment of the . . . mission requires coordination between the Defense Department and FEMA at the national and regional levels. [Defense] commanders [with] planning and execution responsibilities are required to coordinate plans and procedures with FEMA." And the agency will have all the muscle it needs: "All military forces, Active and Reserve, and the National Guard, when federalized, are considered potentially available."

The topic of martial law has been hotly debated within FEMA's corridors. In 1982, after some officials questioned its use during FEMA exercises, an aide wrote Director Giuffrida a secret memo on the subject. "The term 'martial *rule*,' " the official noted, "which is preferred by the Department of Defense, is not truly interchangeable with 'martial *law*,' being rather its execution. Finally, it might be noted that civil courts have referred to martial law pejoratively as complete and total usurpation of civil authority by the military; in one case, the Supreme Court stated 'the term "martial law" carries no precise meaning.' "

> The machinery now exists that could instantly transform the freest nation on earth into a state like Poland, Russia, or Cuba.

Giuffrida is no stranger to this debate. His CSTI 1972 course manual on civil disorders describes martial law as "the legal means available to control people during a civil disorder," including "the replacement of all civil government by the military. . . . It requires no proclamation, though one is generally made. . . . Martial rule comes into existence upon a determination (not a declaration) by the senior military commander that civil government must be replaced because it is no longer functioning anyway."

And if the troops are ever called out, whether for some urban uprising or political protest, the Pentagon will have just the right tool—a new series of "light infantry divisions" created by the Army, made up of reserve and National Guard troops, and stationed at strategic spots around the country. Internal Army briefing papers show that the light infantry divisions are ostensibly designed to meet "mid to low intensity scenarios," including trouble in Korea, Berlin, Cuba, Vietnam, and Panama.

But draft blueprints of the structure of these forces reveal that the light infantry divisions would be perfectly suited for another military mission. At *Penthouse*'s request, Joe Burniece, a military analyst who has been studying the light infantry divisions, reviewed the draft blueprints. Burniece is a staff consultant to the Project on Military Procurement, a Washington-based group that keeps tabs on military developments.

"The blueprints show a dual viability for urban fighting," Burniece said. "There's only a few vehicles for a large number of men; therefore, they'll be walking. And they'll be able to insert an entire battalion into a city in one and a half hours." The perfect tool for tackling civil disturbances, a light infantry division is ideally suited for quickly moving specially trained troops into any urban area where trouble is brewing.

There's other evidence that the new Army divisions will have a dual foreign and domestic role. Officially, only one of the nine proposed divisions has been activated—at Fort Drum, near Albany, New York. But the briefing papers show plans for two others that raised Burniece's eyebrows.

One would be located at Fort Lewis in Washington State, just south of Tacoma. Fort Lewis is the home of the Army's highly trained Ranger battalion, specially schooled in jungle warfare and guerrilla tactics. And, according to Burniece's research, a large percentage of the soldiers stationed there come from the Deep South and the East Coast; a high proportion are black and Hispanic.

The significance of the racial mixture is important. The first rule of urban law enforcement is never ask neighbors to shoot at neighbors. But since the Pacific Northwest has few minorities, the use of blacks and Hispanics from the other side of the country is ideal for combating potential civil disturbances.

Another planned division, meanwhile, will be located at Ford Ord, California, just south of San Francisco. And like those at Fort Lewis, the troops stationed at Fort Ord are primarily from the East Coast. The Army will have the West Coast covered.

No matter how carefully planned, a White House or Pentagon decision to send troops into a U.S. city would certainly encounter at least some resistance from Congress. But FEMA is ready. Its "standby" legislation, which gives the president the authority to turn the United States into an armed camp with the White House holding dictatorial power over every aspect of American life, won't be offered to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

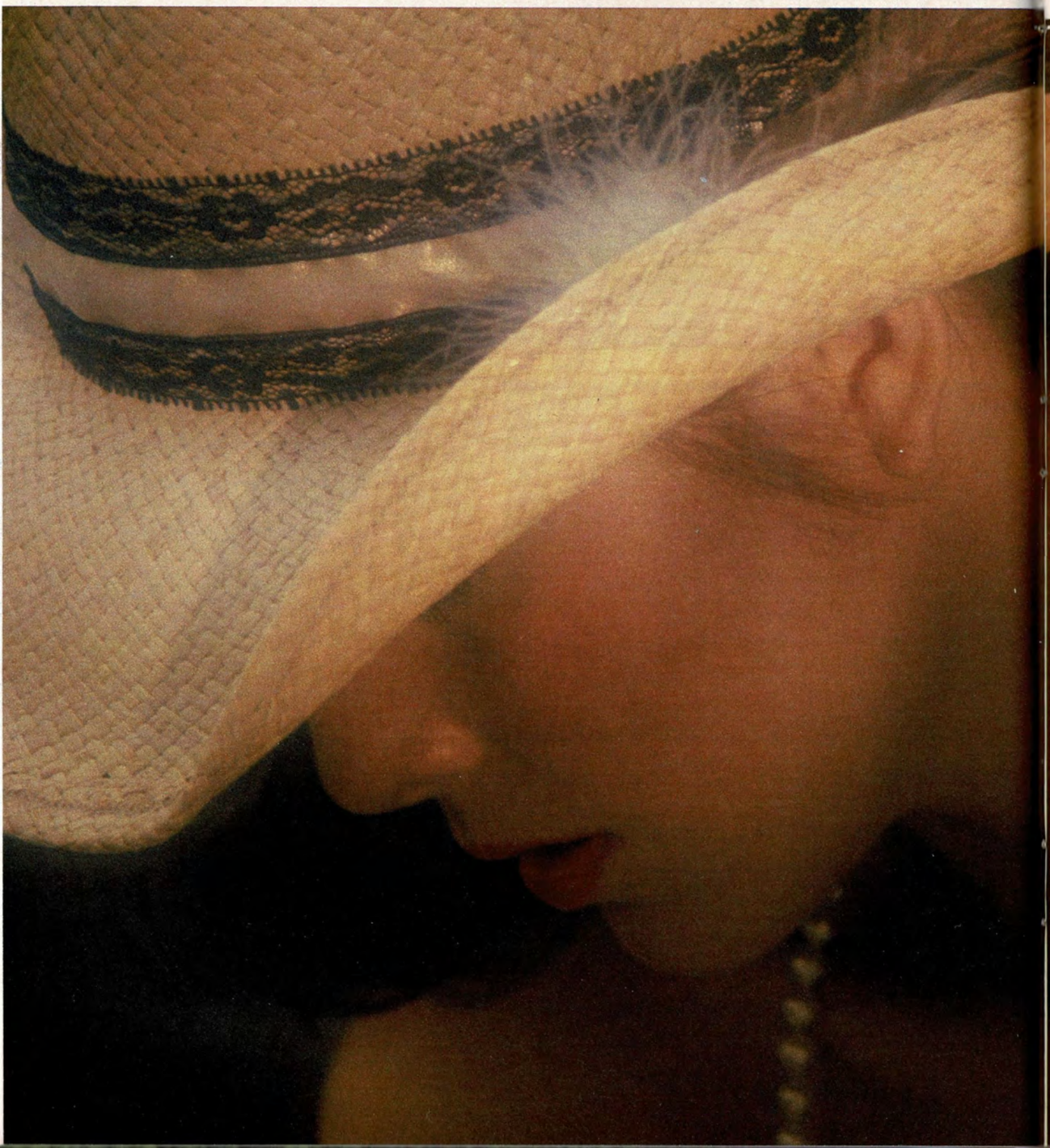
ANGELA

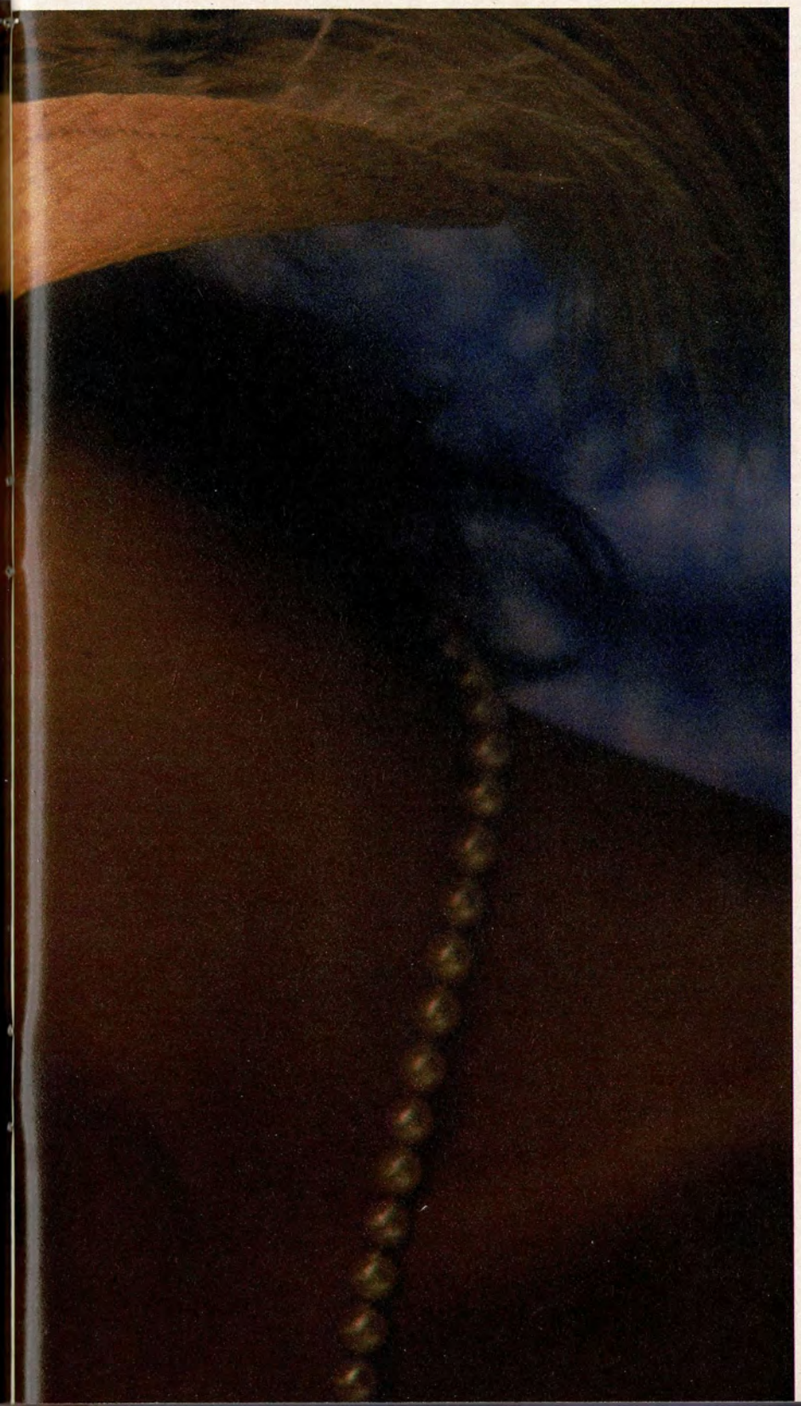
"I'm secure about my sex appeal. I don't need to seduce an endless string of men to convince myself that I'm desirable. . . ."

SHE LEAVES 'EM WEAK

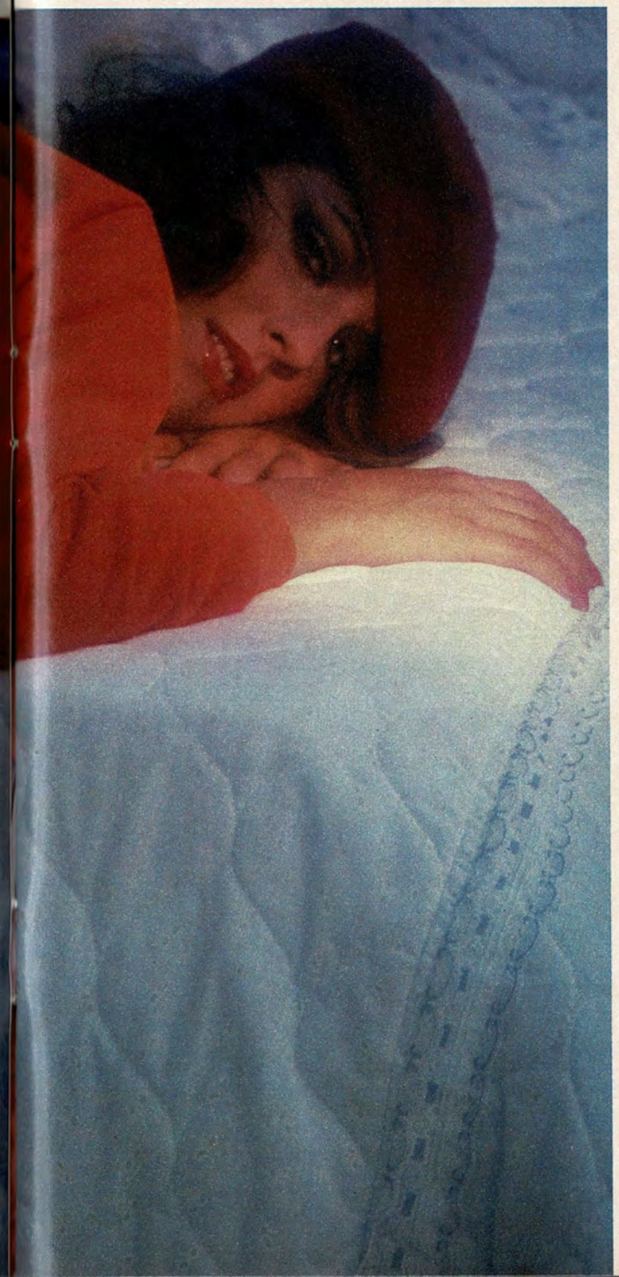
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

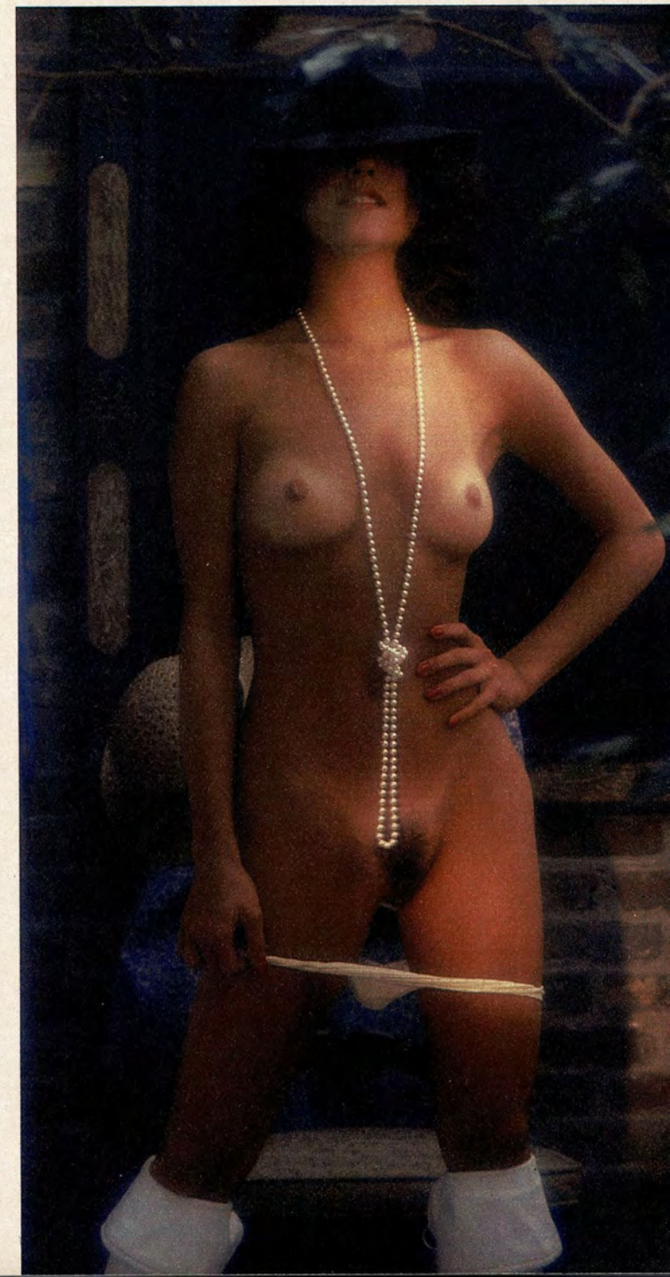
So far, the life of Angela Nicholas reads like a romance novel. Her colorful family history includes lace-curtain Irish/Italian origins and a major family scandal involving an "adopted" child secretly born out of wedlock to another family member. . . .





In addition to possessing a delicate but animated beauty, our five-foot-six, 113-pound Pet has an endless well of inner strength. "Men sense my independence, my absence of need. I'm secure about my sex appeal, so I don't need to seduce an endless string of men to convince myself I'm desirable. . . ."





When a lucky man passes the test—
and the door to her bedroom—Angela isn't
shy about coaching him in the art
of prolonged foreplay.

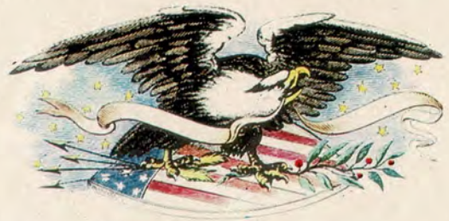
She also isn't shy about using men as educating mentors. "But I enjoy paying my own way. At 17, I won a dance scholarship to N.Y.U. . . ."

". . . and made extra money delivering novelty telegrams." Once, presenting her stirring 34-22-34½-inch message in Central Park, she caused four separate ball games to be called on account of watery knees. . . .

Her boyfriend, a Capetown tobacco heir, has a similar weakness. But although Angela loves him, she's not ready to relinquish New York's magic to become his African queen.

"I'm just extremely ambitious; I keep setting higher and higher goals for myself. Right now, I do nightclub work as a dancer and also take classes in Shakespearean acting." Still, she'd rather bed a Heathcliff than a Hamlet. "I like men who are strong and know what they want, but are gentle enough not to intimidate me. Bob Guccione is like that, in fact. Despite his wealth and power he made me feel very much at ease. He did a portrait of me as a total person, I feel." A total portrait we're partial to. . . .

MISS ANGELA NICHOLAS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Coincident with the tenth anniversary of the fall of Saigon to the Communists in April 1975, there seems to be a burgeoning interest in the Vietnam War and America's involvement therein. Media coverage has combined retrospectives of the war with examinations of our current perceptions of those who fought it and who have struggled with the memory of it for years. Enough time has elapsed to enable us to deal with the war and its effects on the nation as a whole. And, due largely to the *Westmoreland* v. *CBS* libel trial, the government has released a virtual flood of hitherto "secret" classified information. Much of this information debunks many of the myths about Vietnam and constitutes the basis for revision of the war's official history.

As is well known, some 500,000 Vietnam veterans have been adversely affected, both psychologically and emotionally, by their wartime experience. This group has been the target of government and civilian efforts designed to deal with their readjustment problems. The great bulk of Vietnam veterans seem to have rejoined America's mainstream and appear to be relatively unaffected by their wartime experience. But to do so they have had to repress their real feelings about Vietnam rather than share them with their families.

> Most veterans now seem to have rejoined America's mainstream, but to do so they have had to repress their real feelings about the war.

A common characteristic of Vietnam veterans is their reluctance to talk about their wartime experiences with people other than those who were in Nam. The Vet Center program, for instance, demonstrates this most conclusively in its rap groups. Made up of men and women who served in Vietnam at different times, they provide free-flowing encounters which examine the participants' hopes and fears. As the Vet Center program has expanded to include wives, sweethearts, and family members, individual veterans have begun to share their feelings and thoughts with their loved ones. This, as many veterans know, is difficult because so much of a Vietnam veteran's experience defies simple explanation or articulation. Nonetheless, these men and women have begun to try.

One who has tried and succeeded is John Ketwig. He wanted to exorcise his nightmares and share the truth about his wartime experiences. Ketwig set out to write a kind of open letter to his family which he hoped would accurately describe his service. He wanted his wife to know what he was feeling and he hoped someday his kids would, too.

The result of Ketwig's efforts is a letter from *all* Vietnam veterans to their families and friends, in the form of a 320-page book entitled *And a Hard Rain Fell*, published by Macmillan. Ketwig enables the reader to relive with him the heartbreak and trauma of seeing close friends die, the devastating cultural shock of returning home, and the insanity and cruelty of war. But this book is more than a simple variation on the theme "war is hell"; it is the baring of a man's soul in an attempt to explain the effect of Vietnam on his hopes, fears, beliefs, and ambitions for himself and his family. It is the story of how Vietnam forever changed him and the thousands of other young Americans who participated in the only war America ever lost.

Another side of Ketwig's story is an unintended examination of what caused many of the emotional problems of these veterans. He writes knowingly of a kind of psychic shock that resulted from being in the bush one day and on the streets of San Francisco 36 hours later. It produced, in effect, a case of emotional bends in vets, who were like deep-sea divers being brought to the surface too quickly.

In Ketwig's case, he realized his own trepidations about reentering American society during a time of protest and social disorder. Consequently, he opted for an inter-theater transfer to Thailand after completing his year of combat duty, before returning to the United States. This enabled him to get his head back together and sort out, insofar as possible, the meaning of his year in Vietnam. His book reflects unusual self-awareness.

It worked for Ketwig, and now through hindsight we realize that those who had responsibility for our troops in Vietnam should have established procedures and programs to help them make that transition.

Ketwig describes the self-doubts and search for personal meaning that he as a survivor experienced. Too many Vietnam veterans were not ready for civilian life when they rotated out of Vietnam, and now suffer the repercussions.

Ketwig has done each of us an important service by trying to tell his wife and kids what Vietnam meant to him. In so doing he has given us a testament that a veteran can show to a loved one and say, "This isn't exactly the way it was for me in Vietnam, but it is close enough for us to start to talk about my experiences and what they mean to me and those I love."—*William R. Corson*

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TYRANNY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Congress ahead of time, when it could be thoroughly debated—and undoubtedly rejected. It will most likely be introduced only at the last minute, when legislators might be easily pressured into passing the law.

The bill is innocuously titled the "Defense Resources Act," and mostly provides for the allocation of industry, apparently to guarantee that weapons and bombs are still built in times of turmoil. But the cover sheet to this incredible document states, "This standby draft legislation is designed to provide the Executive Branch with the authorities necessary to meet various conflict contingencies."

That is a gross understatement. The legislation would, in effect, suspend the Bill of Rights, abolish free enterprise, eliminate privately owned property, and generally clamp the American people in a totalitarian vise. For example:

- Section 202 of the bill allows the president to instantly confiscate any real estate or personal property "that shall be deemed necessary for national defense purposes."
- Section 501 authorizes the takeover of any industry that the White House desires.
- Section 702 lets the White House dictate all wages, prices, fees, commissions, rents, and consumer credit.
- Section 903 allows the president to nationalize all jobs and workers.
- Section 1213 outlaws all strikes.

The standby legislation includes a "Censorship of Communications," which allows the president, whenever he "shall deem that the public safety demands it," to censor "communications by mail, cable, radio, television, or other means of transmission."

FEMA officials, including Giuffrida, have declined to discuss the specifics of the agency proposals. Giuffrida insists that the standby legislation is not a secret. But the plan was presented at a closed briefing to a House subcommittee in 1983, according to House sources—hardly an open debate.

Throughout these various FEMA and Pentagon plans is the recurring use of the term "emergency" to justify military and federal intervention. But, as we've seen, FEMA has conspicuously declined to make distinctions as to what emergencies call for intervention and where the lines should be drawn. That lack of a clear definition has alarmed a few administration officials.

For example, after FEMA forwarded a memorandum on plans for succession and continuity among federal officials during times of crisis, a Department of Energy official returned the memo with his comments: "The documents as written contain numerous imprecise and new terms. Definitions and explanations are absolutely essential if agencies are to understand what will be required." Among the 19 terms singled out were "crisis," "emergency conditions," "protection," "emergency actions," "survivable," and "essential civil functions."

Former attorney general William French Smith complained to National Security Advisor Robert C. McFarlane last year that he was alarmed at FEMA's "expansion of the definition of severe emergency to encompass 'routine' domestic law enforcement emergencies."

Aside from his concerns over the definition of emergency, Smith was furious that FEMA's "mobilization exercise scenarios continue to assign FEMA the responsibility of representing the Department of Justice and other Cabinet agencies at meetings with the President and the National Security Council during national security emergencies."

In closing, Smith wrote, "This Department and others have repeatedly raised serious policy and legal objections to the creation of an 'emergency czar' role for FEMA." (Giuffrida refuses to discuss the legal controversy. But in a private response to Smith's criticism, he denied he was creating such a role for himself. Now that Meese is attorney general, Giuffrida is almost certain to have free rein within the administration.)

> "COG" is a secretive shadow government, known only to a handful of officials, that is in place and ready to run the country.

The former attorney general, meanwhile, was also very concerned about "recent FEMA continuity of government plans [that] feature layers of FEMA operational personnel inserted between the President and all other federal agencies." Continuity of government—COG—is a highly classified program designed to ensure that no matter who or what is incinerated in a nuclear war, the federal government will survive. It features secret underground facilities sprinkled through America's mountains, and detailed plans to guarantee that certain high officials don't perish along with the rest of mankind.

COG is FEMA's secretive shadow government, known only to a handful of officials, that is presently in place and ready to run the country.

Ironically, the recent federal budget has all but eliminated President Reagan's highly touted plans for civil defense, but the same budget spares the COG program.

So while the White House has given up on trying to save ordinary citizens (with good reason—civil defense plans have never been realistic), even more tax dollars will go toward saving this shadow government. In the meantime, COG employees sit and wait, for the most part hidden in a 30-year-old cavern dug out of Mount Weather in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, some 50 miles northwest of the nation's capital. Although most of the details of this "special facility" are highly classified, some of them have slipped out.

Various reports on Mount Weather have described it as having offices, residences, streets with electrically powered cars, and even a lake-size reservoir—all buried deep within the mountain. COG operators there and in other secret facilities keep plugged into Emergency Operating Facilities scattered around the country. These, too, are kept secret, though details sometimes leak out.

According to internal budget documents, FEMA spent an unspecified amount of money to install electric lines at San Francisco's Golden Gate National Recreation Area. Sources familiar with the program say simply that it is part of a COG project.

There is some speculation that COG is often used to hide secret military operations. In June 1983, Senate investigators were tipped off to a series of C-130 and C-141 cargo flights heading toward Texas. All the planes had been outfitted with troop seats, and the Senate investigators suspected they were secretly carrying soldiers to Central America.

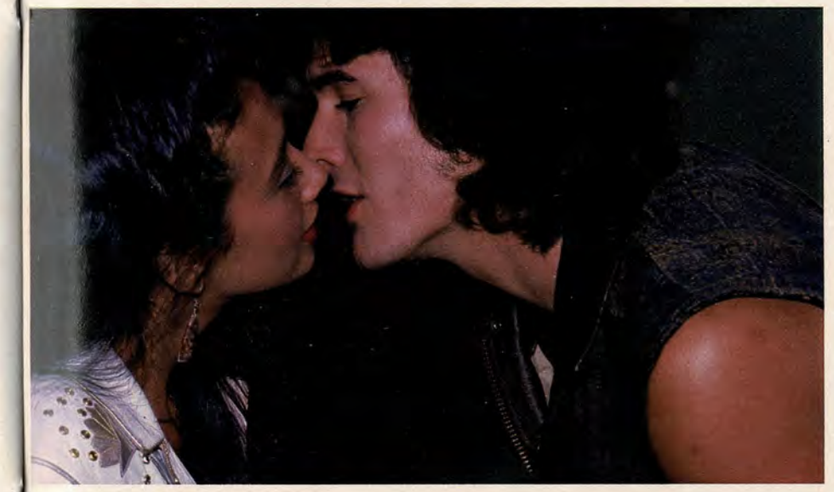
"The flight times were just right for a trip down there and back," said one Senate aide. "Yet when we asked for information, FEMA said it was COG, and refused to discuss it. Not even the intelligence committees could find out what was going on."

Regardless of just what these planes were up to, COG and FEMA remain beyond the reach of Congress. In the last four years, this unprecedented apparatus has been installed to thrust the United States into a military takeover, with or without the president's cooperation, and all in the name of preserving democracy from some unnamed threat—protests, urban riots, or some vague possibility that terrorists are about to destroy society.

The machinery now exists that could instantly transform a nation, the freest nation on earth, into a state like Poland, Russia, or Cuba. No one would disagree that some degree of preparation for a future crisis is necessary. But few Americans realize how much power has already been given to a few officials to make those decisions for us.

PATRICK AND VERONIQUE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE TALBOT



Making love is our way of showing one another how we really feel," says April 1983 Pet of the Month Veronique Jolie, who asked her lover Patrick to join her here. "We feel challenged—not only by society or circumstances, but by one another—to keep our love new and exciting."

"Patrick and I try to allow one another the freedom to enjoy and celebrate each other's mind and body," says Veronique.

"His appreciation," she adds, "is obvious, and it's something that makes me feel good about other parts of my life."

"I'm her biggest fan," agrees Patrick. "I give her as much love and support as I can.

Veronique is a *very* sensual and generous lover. I guess we have a language all our own."

"But we never try to retreat or hide," Veronique asserts. In fact, Patrick and Veronique feel that being together in *Penthouse* permits them to share their intimacy with others. "We hope to remind other lovers to cherish and nurture their own passion," Patrick says, adding, "we know it's our trust for one another in the way we express our love that sets us apart."

"The Ethiopian government has creamed millions of dollars off the top of relief shipments. Its functionaries have picked up millions more by funneling relief shipments straight into the black market. And that is the least of it."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY CLAIRE STERLING

The author is an internationally renowned correspondent who has reported from over 50 countries, including most of the nations on the African continent. Her investigative articles on the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II caused an international sensation (see *Penthouse* interview, December 1984). Her latest book, *The Time of the Assassins*, has just been published in paperback.

THE REAL SHAME OF ETHIOPIA

A curious thing has happened since the Western media discovered Ethiopia's calamitous famine last fall: The tragic and horrible fact that some six million people there are dying of hunger has somehow gotten to be the fault of the people of the United States.

Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam, who installed Africa's first Marxist regime in Ethiopia 11 years ago—a regime that quickly became noted for its savage brutality—keeps saying that Washington has deliberately withheld emergency food shipments, that it has leaned on other donor states and agencies to do the same, and that all his troubles can be traced to the implacable enmity of the United States.

Naturally he would say so. Every third-rate, Third World dictator loves to blame us for his problems. But why should so many Americans believe it this time?

The tragedy of Ethiopia hasn't been a sudden catastrophe. I was in Africa when Mengistu seized power in 1974. The whole of the African sub-Sahara—the Sahel—was stricken at the time by drought and famine of biblical proportions. Working on the story, I crisscrossed thousands of square miles by Land Rover and bush taxi through Mauritania, Senegal, Mali, Upper Volta, and Niger. The human suffering I saw was dreadful, and I didn't see it all.

Ethiopia, refusing to admit that its own people were starving to death by the hundreds of thousands even then, would not let Western reporters in. And it was still keeping them out when, after nearly a decade of unrelieved drought, the hundreds of thousands began to grow into millions. Had the story been reported at the time, perhaps some of the suffering could have been alleviated by prompt action back then.

The first warning of a true catastrophe in Ethiopia came from the U.N.'s Food and Agricultural Organization (FAO) in December 1983. The emergency was discussed in urgent terms at an FAO conference in Rome the following April, but the FAO is not empowered to intervene in any member state unless the government concerned invites it to do so.

Ethiopia did not ask the FAO or anyone else for help throughout that spring and summer. Nor did Colonel Mengistu so much as mention the matter in public. Several countries began to send help anyway; the United States put up $30 million. But Ethiopia itself refused to admit that it might have a crisis, up to and through the day Colonel Mengistu celebrated his tenth anniversary in power.

The sumptuous ceremonies, in September 1984, cost his destitute country between $100 and $200 million. Only after the last illustrious guest was gone—a good month after—did Ethiopia admit it was stricken by famine and demand international aid.

That was when the first terrible pictures of starving Ethiopians appeared in the Western press. The public response was tremendous everywhere in the West. An extraordinary and unprecedented multinational rescue operation got under way, running to around a third of a billion dollars. The United States, pledging some 330,000 tons of food, was by far the biggest donor.

Colonel Mengistu could hardly be said to have played the perfect host. Freighters laden with sorghum and wheat have been kept waiting outside Ethiopia's harbors for days—one from Australia for a full two weeks—until Russian ships could unload cargoes of weapons. Every donor state and agency save one, the World Food Program, has been obliged to pay the Ethiopian government $1.50 a delivered ton for service charges, $12.50 a ton for unloading at the dock (four or five times the going rate in Africa), and $125 a ton for trucking to the interior.

With these fees alone, the Ethiopian government has so far creamed millions of dollars off the top of relief shipments. Its functionaries have picked up millions more by funneling relief supplies straight into the black market. And that is the least of it.

From the time he took power and built up a standing army of half a million troops, Colonel Mengistu has given top priority to crushing an armed insurrection in the northern provinces of Eritrea and Tigre.

The Eritreans have been fighting for their independence almost since the day the U.N. turned this former Italian colony over to Ethiopia after World War II. The Tigrean People's Liberation Front has been at it for ten years—since Mengistu took over, that is.

Plagued by the unending guerrilla warfare, Mengistu's regime has evidently seen the famine as a possible solution to the insurrection in the rebel provinces.

Some 2.5 million people in the region have been cut off from relief supplies. Food is rarely allowed to reach them. Quakers attempting to get it through have been sent home. A request by the International Red Cross to ship food in by unarmed convoy was denied. A Red Cross emergency feeding center in Mekele, capital of Tigre, was closed down last February after 200 famine victims were taken away at gunpoint.

The Ethiopian government, using the famine as an excuse, is decimating the populations of Eritrea and Tigre. Able-bodied males under 35 have been singled out in the two provinces for forcible resettlement in new lands far away—thrust among hostile tribes and left to shift for themselves without tools, seed, or credit. Runaways have been brought back like escaped convicts, also at gunpoint.

Refugees from these provinces, fleeing half-dead with hunger toward the borders of Somalia and Sudan, have been bombed by Mengistu's air force.

Outraged by those who got away—half a million or more since last October—Mengistu has threatened dire consequences for international agencies or states attempting to feed them. He has accused the U.N.'s High Commission on Refugees of "discriminating against Ethiopia" in distributing relief supplies, of "enticing" Ethiopians out of their homeland to get food in Sudanese relief camps, and of "diverting funds" from Ethiopia to help the guerrillas. If the U.N.'s commission did not "stop playing servant to politically motivated groups" it would be expelled from Ethiopia, he said.

Threats like these can easily freeze relief agencies in their tracks. Not one was willing to risk Mengistu's wrath by protesting his own murderously discriminating practices when the proposal to do so was put to them by the U.S. ambassador to the FAO, Millicent Fenwick (who would get my vote for president any day).

Standing up to Third World rulers in such emergencies has never been the strong point of these agencies, and this particular ruler has the means to frighten them stiff. An orthodox Marxist running a Soviet client state, Colonel Mengistu can always claim to be victimized by the capitalist West for that reason.

This predilection to sympathize with Third World dictators may help to explain why Ethiopia has become such a singular focus of international attention.

It is certainly not alone in its affliction. At least six other African states—Chad, Mali, Mauritania, Niger, Upper Volta, and Sudan—are suffering just as desperately from these years of relentless famine. Over a dozen more are almost as badly off.

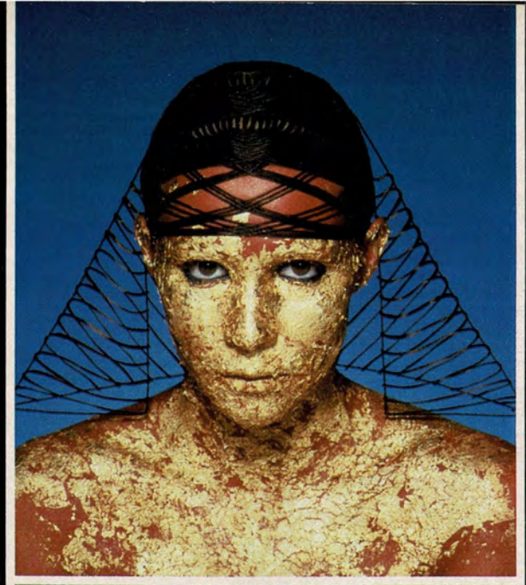
The terrible fact is that 30 million men, women, and children up and down the continent are dangerously close to starvation. "All Africa is dying of the famine," warns U.N. Secretary General Javier Perez de Cuellar.

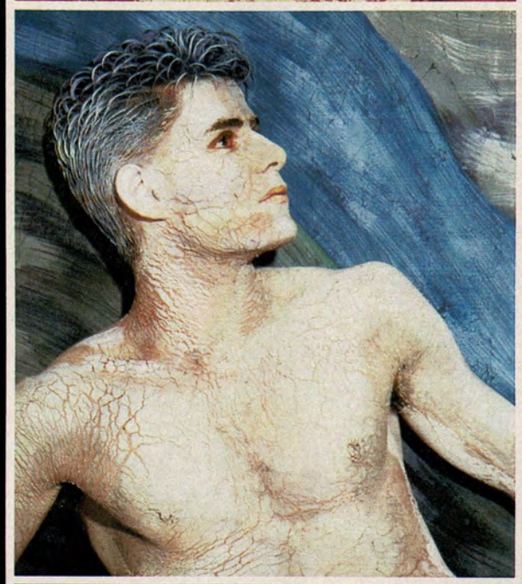
The fact that Ethiopia is a Marxist state has been anything but a drawback in this regard. Far from getting less than the others because of it, Mengistu has gotten more. Naturally he says otherwise—but why should we?

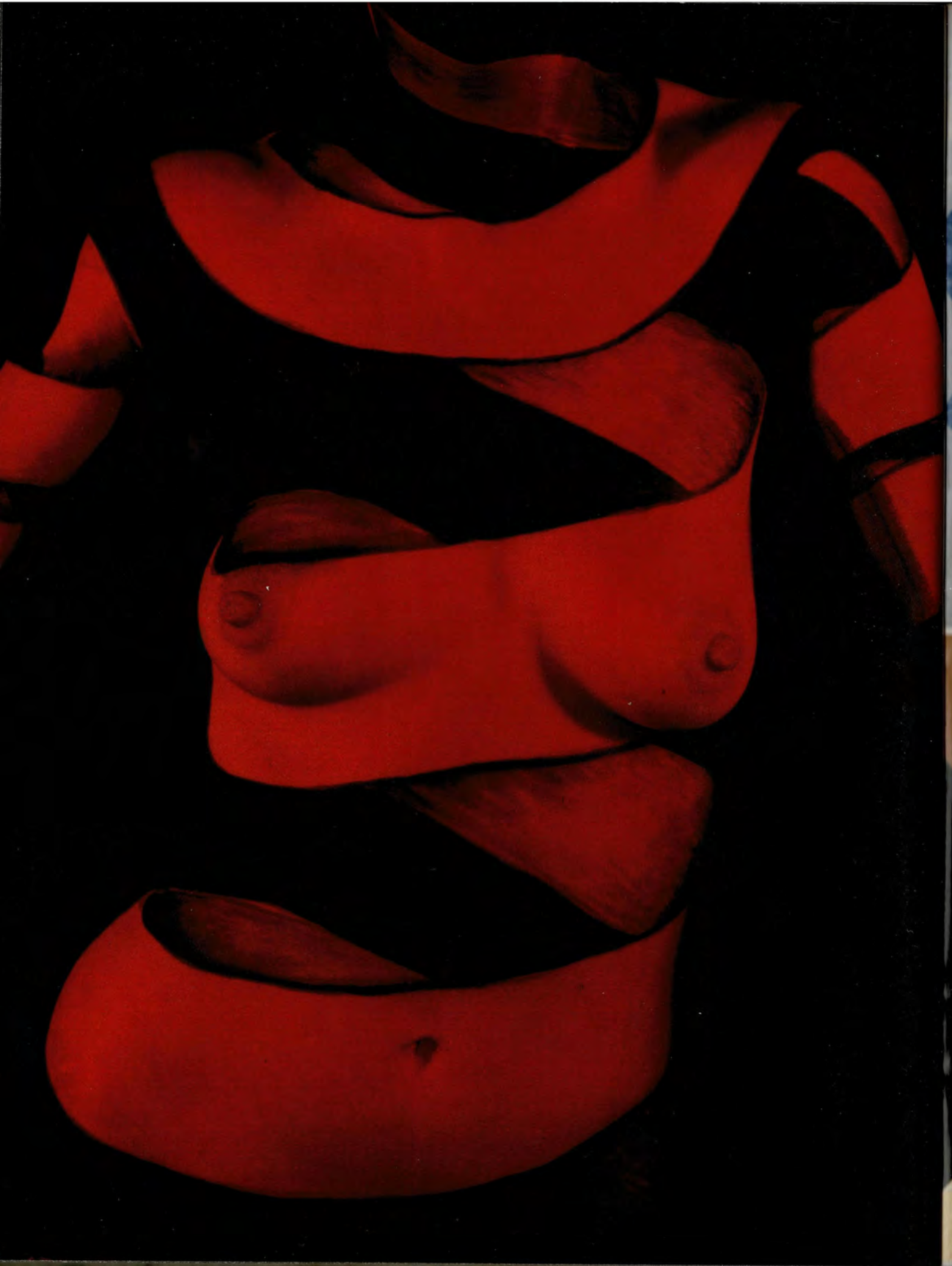
PRIMITIVE SELF

The extraordinary creations of British photographer Robyn Beeche evoke a primeval realm in which the subject's secret self is celebrated and flaunted for all to see. "My job," she tells us, "is to bring out the true persona of my subject, devoid of any sense of ego." To this end, Beeche has developed a unique approach to creating portraits, one in which the subjects often display their innermost fantasy lives. Depending on what Beeche wants to achieve, she may cover the body with egg whites, enhanced by paint and fixative, or simply apply gold leaf directly to the skin. "I have always been influenced by tribal makeup," Beeche continues, explaining that her art is inspired by many sources. Sometimes she reinterprets works by Picasso, Escher, and Dali. Other times she brainstorms with friends. The works on these pages, for instance, were created in conjunction with renowned makeup artists Phyllis Cohen and Richard Sharples. "I am somewhat like a magnet," says Beeche, "attracting people who share in my artistic vision. We all have a love of the surreal."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBYN BEECHE







XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

era during lovemaking.

I am bisexual, but I have always been open about it. During the five years of my marriage, I fell in love with a girl. My husband found it very hard to take and gave me an ultimatum—him or her—and I had to make up my mind.

We lived in Toronto at the time, and Canada is, if anything, more backward in sexual matters than the U.S.A.—where, as you rightly say, there is a false sense of morality. I have just returned from a holiday in a resort on the Pacific coast of Mexico. There were many Canadians and Americans there, also, and as usual, I was sunning myself on the beach wearing only my bikini bottom. Almost everywhere in Europe, this is not only considered normal, but we have been exposing our tits for so long that no one gives it a second thought and "morality" does not enter into the discussion. After two days of toplessness on the beach in Mexico, the minister of tourism told me that he was very sorry and that although he personally adored the sight of the unclothed female body, he felt that Mexico was not yet quite prepared for toplessness. He added that some mothers had thought the sight of a woman's naked breasts exposed on the beach was not good for their children to see. I asked, "Is it really the children you are referring to?" He hemmed and hawed on the other end of the phone and laughed, and then he said, "Well, no . . . it's really the gringas [American women] who have complained."

If I were you, I would not tell Allan about Yvonne just yet. When she comes back, enjoy your relationship with her to the fullest. There is nothing wrong with it. Meanwhile, you can use the trick your husband taught you. When you make love with him, fantasize that Yvonne is there as well. After exploring your bisexuality, you can make the fantasy a reality if you want to, and invite her to make love with you and your husband.

LUCKY NUMBERS

I'm 20 years old and in fairly good shape. My fiancée is also 20 and absolutely beautiful. She stands five feet five inches tall and weighs a 36-22-36–evenly proportioned 108 pounds.

I'm not really sure if I have a problem or not. You see, my fiancée and I lead a very active sex life. We've been living together for a little over a year now and engage in lovemaking an average of two to three times a day. Each one of our sexual encounters also includes multiple orgasms for each of us.

It seems so natural for both of us to make love so often that we never, until now, thought about the frequency of our sexual relations. We've recently read several articles on this subject and found that most couples average six to ten sexual encounters per month.

My question is this: Are we abnormal and/or what one might call nymphomaniacs? The frequency of our encounters also raises another question. Can this much sex cause any physical harm to either one of us?—R. G.

How refreshing to get a letter from someone who is actually getting enough sex. For your information, "nymphomaniac" only applies to the female of the species. It is a word used for a woman who has a large (if not insatiable) sexual appetite. The masculine equivalent is called a satyr. If I have understood your letter correctly, you are each having from six to 12 orgasms a day, which is definitely well above the average.

I am not sure what you mean when you say you have multiple orgasms. Certain women can experience what is described as a multiple orgasm when they reach a high state of sexual excitement with superstimulation. The orgasm can die down and almost immediately start again and be repeated several times. It is unusual that so young a woman as your fiancée should have such a high sex drive. Women usually need a lot of experience to become, as it were, "expert."

> I know how to lead a man on, and I know how to disappoint him and keep him on a string. A clever teasing can do wonders for a man's ego and takes a lot of wind out of a guy's sails.

A man's orgasm is different in that it rarely occurs without an erection—and usually, after ejaculation, he requires a period of recuperation (which may be only a few minutes) before he can get hard and come again.

Frequency of lovemaking varies tremendously according to social and financial background, age, or the amount of time a couple has been together, apart from the sex drive itself. There are many couples who make love once or twice a day, but like crime, it requires the means, the motive, and the opportunity.

Like healthy exercise, plenty of sexual athletics is good for you. It will improve your muscle tone and your performance. The only adverse factor I can see is that if you spend so much time in bed, it must be difficult to get any work done. At your age I would think it might be a good idea to have a more intellectually stimulating career than just being a stud.

DISCIPLINARY TACTICS

I am a 22-year-old female and have been married a little over a year. Joey, my husband, is a great guy but he still acts like a big kid. Nights out with the boys occur four or five times a week, and he's always horny when he gets home, usually waking me out of a sound sleep. I've never denied sex to him, but a married girlfriend of mine is suggesting that I use some form of cutoff, both to punish Joey and get his attention.

I understand, in theory, how a cutoff is supposed to work. I know that the sexual frustration will be uncomfortable for Joey and will, sooner or later, take its toll. My question is how to implement it.

I know that I sound awfully naive. In fact, I'm not. I had several sexual partners before I married Joey, and I'm attractive enough that I generally controlled the when, where, and if in these relationships. I know how to lead a man on, and I know how to disappoint him and keep him on a string. A clever teasing can do wonders for a man's ego and takes a lot of wind out of a guy's sails. Joey and I are married, though, and what works for a single girl dealing with a would-be lover doesn't necessarily work for a wife dealing with her husband. What's your advice?—A. S.

I think you are getting the thin end of the carrot, but just cutting off your husband without explanation is not going to help.

Point out to him that as a single girl you would get taken out and chatted up before having to put out—so demand "foreplay." Request that at least once a week he give you a candlelit dinner in a romantic setting, instead of having one of his nights with the boys. If he doesn't come up with the goods, then cut him off, but not without getting him really horny first. Kiss him, caress him, stroke his balls, run your fingers through the hair on his chest (if he has any), whisper in his ear, and finally hold his cock in your hand, but there you stop! If he wants to shoot his load, let him do it with his own hand.

I would also suggest that an occasional night out with the girls on your part would not be out of place. See how he reacts when *you* stumble home drunk and horny at 3 A.M. and wake *him* up.

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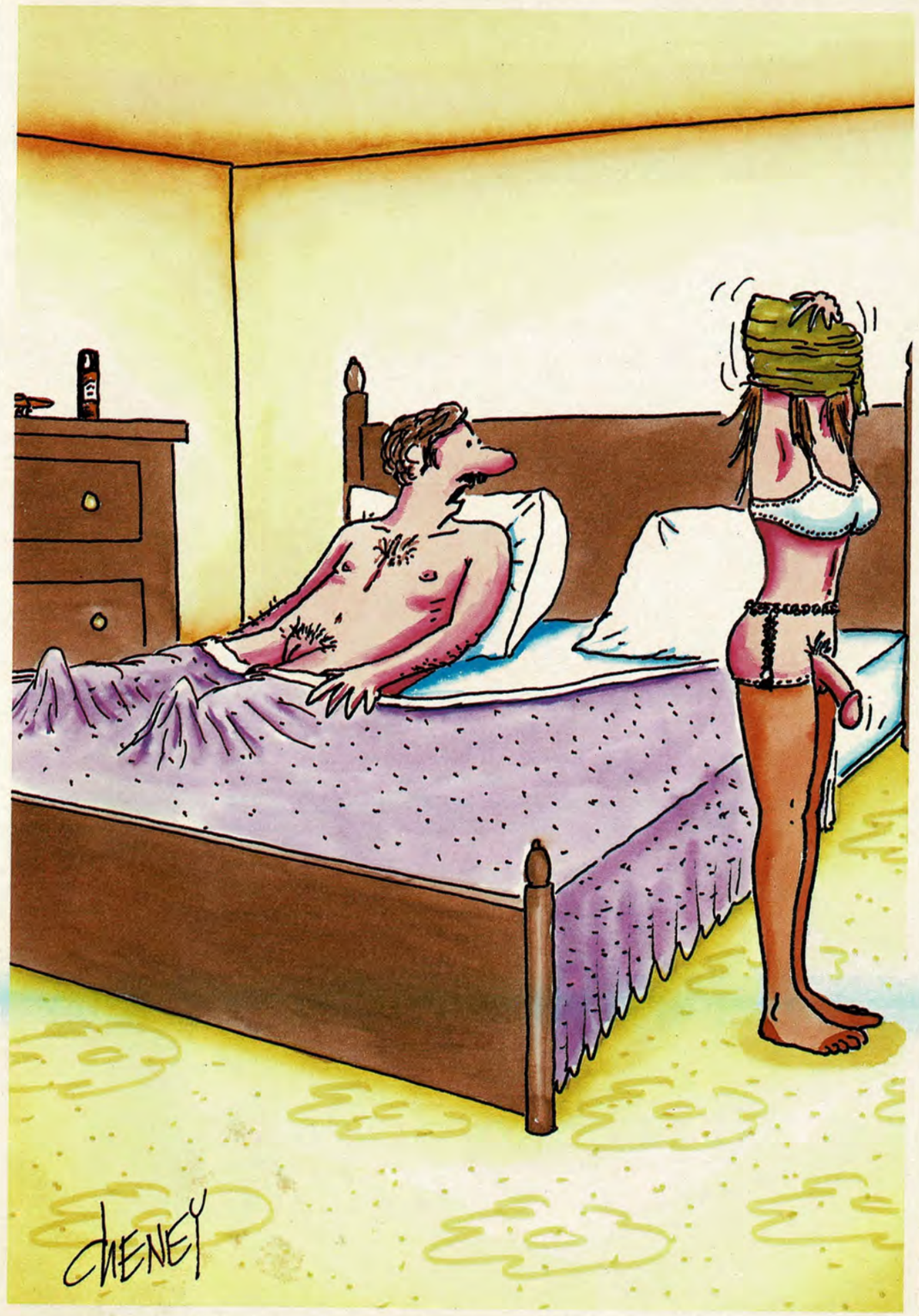


"Before we start Alice, there's something you should know about me."

He makes rock 'n' roll heroes of lost and drifting Americans.

JOHN MELLENCAMP'S HEARTLAND

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

Everybody has an image of the Midwest as a bunch of tired old white people in dreary livin' rooms, watchin' TV with the color tuner broken. That just *ain't* it," says John Cougar Mellencamp. At 33, he's a stumpy, muscular guy with a peculiarly pinched drawl and a turbulent, high-tide hairdo. "Every corner of this country has its own subculture," he continues as he flips the starstruck, New England coffee-shop counter girl a crumpled sawbuck as a late-breakfast tip. "I mean Seymour, Indiana, my roots, is just as unique as, say, Los Angeles. In L.A., the locals are tied together culturally by two things—the garden hose and the sushi bar. Every mornin' half the citizens of that place get up and hose down the entire fuckin' town, rinsin' off everything from driveways to buildin' facades, while the other half of the population gets on the phone and makes dinner reservations for that evenin'.

"Whereas in Seymour, everybody wakes up, gets the kids tattooed, pops a can of Big Red, and starts verbally or physically *breaking bad* all over each other on the way to the Cummins Diesel plant or the Otis Elevator factory. The kids have a pastime called Seymour ball, which is an elbow-jab style of basketball with a no-blood–no-foul philosophy. And when alla ya git tired of gettin' slammed, you do what I did ten years ago and move to Bloomin'ton, Indiana. *Yessir,* I had to get me a taste of the *big* city!"

He explodes with the heaving, hiccuping rasp that

"We all grew up respectin' nothin', and that's a hard thing for me to get over. We were so macho, it'd make you puke!"

is his laugh, doing a characteristic chest-thumping, sideways shuffle/stumble out through the glass doors of the Marriott Hotel in Farmington, Connecticut. Bracing, mid-March gusts swirl around the long gleaming "Das Bus" idling before him. It's one more tardy (postnoontime) rollout for John Cougar Mellencamp's *Uh-Huh* Tour–'84, destination Albany, as the itinerary dwindles down to two weeks of dates before what will prove to be a triumphant sellout celebration at New York City's cavernous Radio City Music Hall.

A NEW NAME

Eight years ago, Mellencamp was one more snicker-scarred footnote in the rock wars—damaged goods from the hype factory of pop Svengali Tony DeFries, whose cynical MainMan organization had foisted the Ziggy Stardust–phase David Bowie on a bored America. It was DeFries who took the liberty of deleting the bumpy Dutch "Mellencamp" from the jacket of John's 1976 *Chestnut Street Incident* debut album, replacing it with "Cougar," and constructing a "next-big-thing" circus around the promotional drive. When the inflated big top collapsed of its own weight, Johnny Cougar found himself the odd clown out, stuck on a very distempered record label (MCA), which had invested a cool million in DeFries's flop. Cougar contacted an attorney chum, who extricated him from the MainMan morass and introduced him to Billy Gaff, then Rod Stewart's manager, who signed him to Riva Records. He moved to London for a year and in 1978 cut *Biography,* his second LP, spawning a No. 1 hit in Australia, "I Need a Lover." When that song reached the American market on his third album, *John Cougar,* newcomer Pat Benatar asked permission to cut it and created the most-played single in the nation, securing her stardom and making Cougar's second chance a possibility.

Guitarist-songwriter-producer Steve Cropper, the legendary Stax-Volt session wizard, took Cougar into the studio for what John consciously billed as his last hurrah, 1980's *Nothin' Matters and What If It Did.* Two modest hits, "This Time" and "Ain't Even Done With the Night," gave him new incentive, however, and he drew on his southern Indiana roots for fresh inspiration. *American Fool,* a dark horse in the rock sweepstakes of 1982, went on to become the best-selling record of the year, with two singles, "Hurts So Good" and "Jack and Diane," in the Top Five simultaneously. *Uh-Huh,* which featured the restored surname of Mellencamp, clinched Cougar's phenomenal comeback, with a million copies sold in the first month of release. Three scrappy, eloquent songs off the album—"Crumblin' Down," "Pink Houses," and "Authority Song"—were propelling the *Uh-Huh* road trip, their surly brio equal parts Rolling Stones, James Brown, and the Bobby Fuller Four, leavened with a unique folk-rock snarl that made them greater than the sum of their influences.

A REQUEST FROM REAGAN

When the largely uninitiated capacity crowd in Hartford was treated to Mellencamp's exhilarating act, they were promptly dumbstruck with its quirky might. The show commenced with tough, stunning rearrangements of Top 40 classics like Lee Dorsey's "Ya Ya," the Animals' "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood," and the Left Banke's "Pretty Ballerina"—each as crisp, stark, and bright as the pink-lit white "Shindig" stage set from which the band roared. Greeted by this homage to the golden age of rock radio, with the group attired in simple black suits, white shirts, and string ties, the largely middle-class, mid-twenties audience vibrated with gleeful disorientation—a vaguely evocative Shock of the Old.

After explaining with a sly grin that "I love doin' those songs from the fifties and sixties to warm us up," he triggered the band into a pounding, propulsive rendition of "Jack and Diane," Kenny Aronoff's thunderous but stately drums beautifully intercut with John's chiming acoustic guitar. The sound and saga of the contemporary heartland never felt so bold, ran so deep, rang so true.

> "Reagan doesn't know nothin' about workin'-class people, so when his people asked permission to use 'Pink Houses,' I made it clear he just had to *forget it*."

By the time the band tore through the stirring "Pink Houses," every college sophomore and Yuppie in the house was singing along at the top of his or her lungs. No wonder Ronald Reagan wanted to use the bristling ballad as the soundtrack for his 1984 reelection landslide.

REQUEST DENIED

"Reagan doesn't know nothin' about workin' people in the Midwest or anywhere else," Mellencamp allows. "So when I got a direct approach from his people for permission to use 'Pink Houses,' I made it clear from day one that he just had to *forget it.* I couldn't bear gettin' involved that way with any politician, least of all Reagan, and corrupt what is essentially a basic, humble dream of contentment he can't even understand.

"But I gotta tell you, too," he adds, less heatedly, as he hoists himself into the cabin of the bunkhouse-on-wheels as it sighs into gear, "you're gonna have to experience southern Indiana for yourself to get the full flavor of what 'Pink Houses' was really about."

"Gimme a Red!" says dough-faced lead guitarist Larry Crane, a carrot-haired, Seymour-bred scamp who looks five years younger than his brash 27, as he reaches across the aisle past Mellencamp for a slender bottle of something that resembles Lavoris, smells like Bazooka gum, and tastes, well, *red.* "*Goddorities,* John, it's too early to be up!"

"Keep talkin', hotshot," says Mellencamp, as he redirects his associate's attention to the three willowy adolescent groupies shyly slipping out from under the hotel canopy, the smirking girls striking poses in the pale prespring sun. "One of those ladies looks a tad like the crazy chick that jumped up onstage last night to dance with me durin' 'Authority Song.' That was a pretty nice little spin we had, *ditn't it*?" he muses in his backassward Hoosier parlance.

"Aw, *set* down, fella, *'fore ya git yerself inna some foolish thang.*"

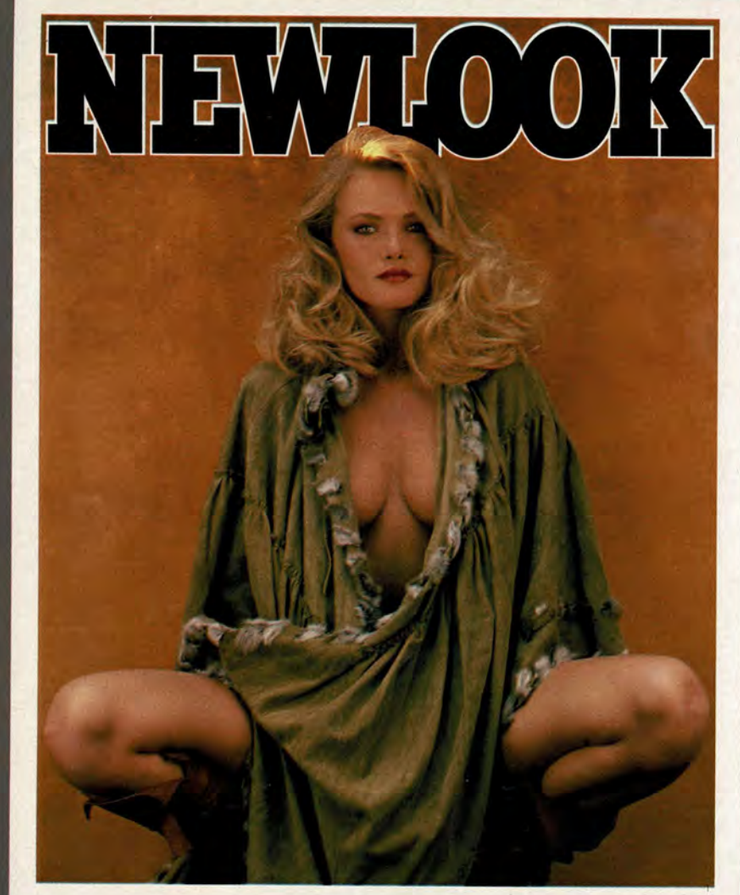
"Don't be worrin' 'bout me, Larry," the little guy assures his guitarist. "I ain't got the strength this afternoon to whip shit with an eggbeater." Mellencamp drops onto one of the tweed couches running the length of the compartment, and props his snappy blue-and-white loafers on the wall. As the rest of his squint-eyed fellow travelers hasten on board—a half dozen other Indiana-based musicians (most boyhood friends of John's), two female backup singers, and a husky road manager—he scratches the Woody Woodpecker and broken-heart tattoos emblazoned on opposing biceps and scans the interior of the custom tour conveyance, a long, chunky behemoth coated with the same burnt-orange rug and walnut paneling that overrun the lodgings he just checked out of.

"Jeez, every day this rig looks a little more like the coffee shop I signed my first fuckin' record deal in. *Gawd,* it was a place called the Big Wheel right on College Avenue in Bloomin'ton. I can still see myself sittin' there in that booth in 1975 with my tongue hangin' out, Tony DeFries jerkin' my chain and tellin' me I'll be gettin' $250 a week. Guess it beat pourin' concrete, installin' telephones, and gettin' my head busted in Bloomin'ton bar fights. I haven't gone in that place since, even though I drive by it every day when I'm home. *Phew!* Too depressin'.

"We [he indicates his grinning cohorts], we all grew up respectin' nothin', and that's a hard thing for me to get over. We were so macho, it'd make you puke. Toby!" he calls to his bassist, lanky, lantern-jawed Toby Myers. "Mike!" he hollers at Michael Wanchic, his broad-shouldered, sad-eyed rhythm guitarist, "I'm tellin' it straight, *ditn't it*?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

COVER GIRL



Even at the Cannes Film Festival, awash with hundreds of beautiful starlets, Jeanne immediately stood out from the crowd. But she, in her coy and reticent French way, was not anxious to say *oui* when swarms of paparazzi begged her to disrobe in public. Secretly, she knew she was the star of the festival and what she had to offer was best kept hidden until the right moment inspired abandon. Her presence recently graced the cover and pages of the premier issue of *Penthouse*'s sister publication *Newlook*. And like France's last, great gift to these shores, she is a radiant symbol of life, liberty, and love in the eighties.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAOUL AHOUP

Shy and still mistrustful of the photographer's lens, Jeanne offers a small but maddening sample of everything we were genetically programmed, born, and bred to seek in a woman. But her gaze demands that you be patient . . . that you allow her to call the shots. Do not rush her, for in due time you will receive exactly what you want. She holds the torch for no one, and yet her eyes suggest a flame, fathoms deep, that is both mysterious and inextinguishable.

Jeanne did not anticipate the overwhelming reader response to her American debut in *Newlook*. It was as if she were unaware of her powers . . . detached, even naive . . . and yet, beauty makes its own rules.

Showing her best assets has always been Jeanne's forte. Although she thinks Frenchmen are passionate lovers, she finds American men refreshingly candid and willing to play her game. Her rules dictate that the game is won when both lovers lose themselves, delightedly, in play.

It's the most oft-repeated cliché in adult video. Did American sex exist before the advent of the TV repairman?

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

FORBIDDEN TAPE
Forbidden Fruit
(Paradise Visuals)
The schlockmeisters of adult entertainment—like "Adam," who produced and directed this tape—seem to have no pride, no compunction about ripping people off, no commitment to quality. The opening moments of this tape feature such horrendous sound quality that it should be closed-captioned, and not for the deaf, either—but for all of us who have to endure it. With a technical botch of this magnitude, it really doesn't matter what happens next. It doesn't matter that the three female leads (Candi Shields, Susan Hart, and Bunny Bleu) play a reasonably hot trio of daughters, marred only by the really astounding constellation of zits on one of their asses. It doesn't matter that Eric Edwards puts in another reasonably workmanlike performance. This tape will never lose the stigma of being made by someone who just doesn't give a fuck. Forbidden *is* the word.
Forbidden Fruit.

Squalor: *the feel of* Flesh.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY
The Opening of Misty Beethoven (Quality)
This consummate piece of adult entertainment had "classic" written all over it when it was released as a film, back in 1976, and it wears its age well as a videotape. For one thing, it has Constance Money, one of the most beautiful bodies ever to hit porn, with a face that would grace an angel. She joins the rest of the angels—who have scummy faces—in this sleek, fast-paced tape, directed by Radley Metzger (aka Henri Paris).

The story is the *Pygmalion* theme all over again: Jamie Gillis plays Seymour Love, a professor of desire trying to transform a shabby, dowdy little chick into a love machine worthy enough to fool a high-powered, Bob Guccione–style men's mag publisher. He succeeds in "opening" Misty Beethoven almost too well and nearly loses her in the process. Unlike most porn-movie plots, however, this one doesn't intrude. The plot supports the framework of Metzger's polished action-oriented direction, which in turn showcases the tremendous bodies of the female leads and the fabulous, mind- and crotch-expanding sex all around.
The Opening of Misty Beethoven.

COUPLES' TAPE
New Wave Hookers (VCA)
Wait a minute. A couples' tape called *New Wave Hookers*? No gauzy romanticism? No heavy-on-the-strings-and-horns romance story? Hookers? *New Wave Hookers* is about 180 degrees away from what conventional wisdom tells us is the formula for females. It isn't soft, delicate, strong on narrative, or short on those disgusting piston scenes. But women actually seem to like this tape, and if that's a source of puzzlement, you just have to remind yourself that solvers of the woman cipher have failed from Freud on down. My personal theory is that this tape has a certain breeziness about it, a resolve not to get too serious about the old in-and-out—and that is what attracts women to it.

New Wave Hookers was made by the so-called Dark Brothers, Walter Dark the producer and his brother Gregory the director. What they've done is corral some of the best new talents in adult entertainment—the luscious bodies and willing orifices of Tracy Lords, Ginger Lynn, Desiree Lane, and Kimberly Carson—and cast the plot in the form of a dream, so all pretense to reality can be dispensed with. And they've punked out the design of the piece pretty thoroughly, which, if it gives short shrift to sex (can you have satisfaction fucking a woman with cerulean-blue pubic hair?), satisfies the ladies and their fashion sense.

The plot is suitably ludicrous: Two would-be pimps use New Wave music to program a stable of whores. But the sex is hot, the writing is at times snappy, and the overall effect is one you and your main squeeze can share and enjoy.
New Wave Hookers.

Hookers *gives new bite to the conventional female film.*

PENTHOUSE PICKS
The House of Strange Desires (Now Showing)
Bob Wolfe, who makes adult tapes under the name of Lawrence T. Cole, is a one-man video factory, churning out X-raters at the pace of about one a month. His work is always squarely in the middle of the road: no brilliance or masterpiece-making, but no shoddy work or embarrassments, either.

Jason and Terry (played well by Mike Horner and Tamara Longley) have just bought a new house—haunted, as it turns out, with a sexual demon, a succubus. Not the most imaginative plot in the world, but one suited for Wolfe's approach. The acting, design, and camera work are all nicely controlled, and the sex is good: again, nothing brilliant, but nothing painful, either. There is a small twist at the end—an orgy that turns out to be an argument for fidelity—and while the tape as a whole might not be a first choice to buy, it's definitely worth a one-night rental.
The House of Strange Desires.

Motel Squalor (Essex)
Motel Squalor is an attempt to duplicate the feel and fantasy of *Cafe Flesh,* using the same style of pseudo–avant-garde looniness for which its postatomic predecessor was justly celebrated. You get a lot of lipstick-smeared faces cackling maniacally into the camera, a lot of random weirdness, a lot of theatrical pretension. But what saves *Motel Squalor* is the superb technical values and the great bodies of the women. Colleen Brennan is the type of blowsy, beautiful sexual creature who is normally cast in the role of a hooker with a chest of gold. Here she plays Miss Clark, the desk clerk at Motel Squalor.

The establishment puts even the Westwood Marquis to shame—it is a labyrinth of peepholes, passageways, clean getaways, and dirty linen. It's also the venue of the "Reptile Room," a nightclub devoted to kink and craziness. Into this house of horrors comes the newlywed Nancy (Desiree Lane), and the plot gives new meaning to the phrase "losing your innocence." Some of the best oral-sex footage in recent memory is featured in *Motel Squalor,* and that alone qualifies it as a male-fantasy-fulfiller *extraordinaire.* A few minus points for the obvious rip-off of *Cafe Flesh*—but they're more than made up for by the hot sex and high production values.
Motel Squalor.

House of Strange Desires: *middle of the road.*

WITLESS WONDER
On Golden Blonde
(Paradise Visuals)
The *Heaven Can Wait* plot (which used to be known as the *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* plot) is one of the most popular porn plots of all time, perhaps because it lends itself so nicely to vignettes, but more likely just because imagination-starved porn writers are hungry for a story to rip off. Aside from its great title, this tape doesn't even measure up to porn's rip-off standards.

A brunette jogger is called to heaven by mistake and insists on being put back to earth in a new body. She enters the bodies of four prudish young ladies, all verifiable cockteasers, and all—you guessed it—blond. Even though the bodies the producers got to work with are great, the finished tape doesn't put them to good use. The sex is so cold as to be necrophiliac, not only in plot but in execution. Evidently the makers of this adult tape used up all their wit dreaming up the title, and didn't have any left for the tape itself.
On Golden Blonde.

CLICHE OF THE MONTH
Animal (AVC)
If you believe the world of porn video—which is a little like believing in Tinker Bell—you'll have come to the conclusion that one profession in particular is teeming with sexual studs, a profession that keeps the "job" in blowjob and continues to send its sexual emissaries throughout the world: the profession of TV repairman. The plot of *Animal* is sort of a rip-off of *Cat People.* It all takes place on an analyst's couch, with the anecdotes told there furnishing flashback fodder for the tape.

Jessica Wylde, a willowy, long-haired beauty, plays a woman with uncontrollable sexual urges, and one of the people she gets uncontrolled with is . . . the TV repairman! "Before I know it, I'm acting like an animal," explains Jessica, who proceeds to get the repairman in a horizontal hold. This scene is so oft-repeated in adult video that it not only qualifies as a cliché, it makes you wonder if there was such a thing as American sex before the advent of the TV repairman.

This is a schlocky, low-quality tape, a quickie job lit up by occasional hot flashes of fellatio or by Jessica's great tits. So maybe what the TV repairman represents is a hidden symbol telling us we're headed for some bad video. That's right: *Fix* the TV. Get this mess off it!
Animal.

RATING KEY

- Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
- Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
- Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
- Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU A MODERN-DAY HERO?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Being a hero used to be easy. All you had to do was slay a dragon or a giant and, next thing you knew, minstrels were singing songs about your bravery and fair maidens were offering to perform exotic acts on your body, gratis.

But times have changed. The days of the knight-errant and the lone gunfighter have gone the way of ten-cent candy bars and girls who wanted to grow up to be mommies instead of lawyers. Today's hero is much more likely to be a member of a team than he is to be a solitary warrior. Whether he's an astronaut, a mountain climber, a Nobel Prize winner, or a famous investigative reporter, he probably doesn't work alone. In our technological age, heroic deeds of world-class stature usually require backup. They also require a new type of hero, one who combines the independence of the traditional hero with an ability to function smoothly in the modern world of corporations and bureaucracies.

Men of this kind are rare. Independent-spirited men usually resist the very notion of teamwork, while most true team players lack the bravado necessary for the type of heroism that earns you at least a footnote in the history books. Yet such men exist, and they tend to end up in situations where this modern sort of heroism is required. Back in the early 1960s, for instance, Dr. Sheldon Korchin of the University of California at Berkeley and Dr. George Ruff of the University of Pennsylvania tested the first American astronauts and found them to have precisely this unusual blend of personality traits. (Their findings were reported in an MIT Press book called *The Threat of Impending Disaster,* which still makes interesting reading.)

We've relied on such research in framing the following questions. If you answer them honestly, you may find out whether or not you've got what's needed to be a hero in the modern age.

1. Here are three groups of activities. Select the group that appeals to you most.
   (a) hiking, jogging, camping, hunting, and canoeing
   (b) casino gambling, billiards, playing cards, and spending pleasant evenings with the guys down at the local pub
   (c) watching television, reading, listening to music, woodworking, and puttering around the house

2. Would you generally prefer to attend a sporting or cultural event?
   (a) I'd always choose the sporting event.
   (b) I'd generally prefer the sporting event, but if you offered me tickets to an important, once-in-a-lifetime cultural event, I might choose that instead.
   (c) I would always choose the cultural event.
   (d) I generally prefer cultural events to spectator sports, but if you offered me Super Bowl or World Series tickets, I'd grab them.
   (e) I enjoy both activities.
   (f) I don't like either sports or culture.

3. If you had to choose, would you rather live in a small town or a large city?
   (a) town
   (b) city

4. If you had to choose a sport to participate in, would it be a:
   (a) team sport like basketball or softball
   (b) one-on-one sport like tennis or squash
   (c) sport where you're really competing only against yourself, such as skiing or fishing

5. Would you really like to be famous?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) not particularly, but I wouldn't mind
   (c) no

6. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree:
   (a) I'm not the risk-taking type. Probably the only time I'd be tempted to take a great risk would be when somebody's life depended on it.
   (b) I suppose I'm a calculated risk-taker. I'll take a risk if I think there's a good chance it will get me what I want.
   (c) I like to take risks just for the hell of it; I like the excitement.

7. Are you an impulsive person?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes, but not generally
   (c) no

8. Do you have trouble putting your thoughts into words and communicating effectively?
   (a) Yes. I often know what I want to say, but when the words come out they don't say exactly what I had planned.
   (b) Sometimes, I seem to have trouble organizing my thoughts and getting people to understand precisely what I mean; other times, I seem to be able to say exactly what I want.
   (c) No, I think I usually make my point clearly when I speak.

9. Are you jealous or envious of people who seem to succeed at things more easily than you do?
   (a) yes
   (b) No. Generally I admire people with great talent; on the other hand, I can't stand people who are succeeding not because they're talented, but because they kiss ass.
   (c) No. I couldn't care less why or how other people are succeeding; it's my own success that interests me.

10. Do you feel uncomfortable being around people who are very talented or intelligent?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) no

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PSYCHOGRAPH

11. When you fail at something, is the failure usually caused by:
    (a) yourself
    (b) people or events beyond your control

12. How are you most likely to react when you fail to achieve something that is important to you?
    (a) I get very disappointed and often become depressed.
    (b) I become very disappointed, but this only makes me try harder to achieve success in this area.
    (c) Failures don't particularly bother me. That's life—you win some and you lose some.

13. Do you trust other people?
    (a) Yes, generally I do.
    (b) no
    (c) Nobody receives my trust automatically. I'll trust people who I know are competent and honest, but they have to show me those qualities first.

14. Do you ever experience doubts about yourself—about whether you're any good, about whether you've made the right choices in your life?
    (a) yes, frequently
    (b) sometimes
    (c) rarely or never

15. Do you feel you had a relatively secure and comfortable home life as a child?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

16. Were you the oldest male child in your family?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

17. As a child, did you spend enjoyable times doing things with your father or another male adult?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

18. Have you known since high school (or even before) pretty much what you wanted to do with your life?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

19. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
    (a) We basically control our destinies.
    (b) Human beings have very little control over their lives. Luck and chance are the major forces that determine who and what we are.

20. Have any of your coworkers become a good friend outside of work?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

21. Would you say you're a person with strong emotions?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

22. Are your emotions ever so strong that you feel as if you're going to lose control of yourself?
    (a) yes, frequently
    (b) sometimes
    (c) rarely or never

23. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
    (a) I believe that if you're going to do something, you should approach it in the most professional, craftsmanlike way possible.
    (b) I'm not a stickler for detail. I do what I have to do, but I don't have a nervous breakdown if I don't do something perfectly.

24. Are you very career-oriented?
    (a) yes
    (b) Moderately, but I won't let my career dominate my life.
    (c) no

25. Do you daydream and fantasize a lot?
    (a) yes
    (b) no
    (c) sometimes

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 125 points; the lowest, 25.

1. a-5, b-1, c-2
2. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-3, e-4, f-1
3. a-5, b-1
4. a-1, b-2, c-5
5. a-1, b-4, c-5
6. a-1, b-5, c-2
7. a-1, b-4, c-5
8. a-1, b-3, c-5
9. a-1, b-5, c-3
10. a-1, b-3, c-5
11. a-5, b-1
12. a-1, b-5, c-1
13. a-1, b-3, c-5
14. a-1, b-3, c-5
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-5, b-1
18. a-5, b-1
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-1, b-5
21. a-5, b-1
22. a-1, b-2, c-5
23. a-5, b-1
24. a-5, b-3, c-1
25. a-1, b-5, c-3

A score of 85 points or more suggests you have the makings of a modern-day hero. Men in this category exhibit those often-contradictory psychological traits that allow them to perform extraordinary deeds in a complex world. In general, they are "ordinary" middle-class men. Most of the time they think and behave pretty much like everyone else, yet they are able to preserve enough flair and autonomy to rise above the ordinary when a great challenge presents itself. They work within the system yet are not hemmed in by it.

Interestingly, they are usually not great risk-takers. They are extremely cautious about checking and rechecking what they do. Consequently, acts that look risky to us are, for them, merely the logical consequences of careful planning. They understand that if they're going to operate in uncertain surroundings (such as outer space, a mountaintop, or a racetrack), they'd better do everything possible beforehand to reduce the odds against them. And though they appear to have enormous sangfroid under pressure, they actually tend to be highly emotional—but they have extraordinary control of their emotions at all times.

A score below 85 points indicates that you probably don't have the odd blend of bravado, caution, independence, and conformism that characterizes the modern-day hero. You may be the nicest guy in the world, but you're probably either too much of a risk-taker or too conservative a team player to operate consistently in areas of great uncertainty.

Highly adventurous risk-takers tend to be a little careless; that's not so good when they're operating in an environment that leaves little margin for error. On the other hand, the confirmed team player is unlikely to have the flair that would allow him to rise above the group of friends and colleagues he feels so comfortable with. However, both the risk-taker and the team player are often more intellectually sophisticated than the would-be hero. They can live with—and often be fascinated by—the subtle ambiguities of life that would drive him crazy.

"Actually, I think we're just supposed to tree them."

MELLENCAMP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

"Yessir," says Mike, "jes' a bunch of first-rank, hard-partyin' assholes . . ."

". . . but cool as hell," Toby interjects, "because we *knew* somethin' the other motherfuckers didn't know, about dressin' right, about hangin' out, about fightin', about great music. Man, we had *attitude*. When everybody else was listenin' to 'Papa's Got a Brand New Bag,' we"—proudly—"were listenin' to 'Night Train.' "

"We had our own way of walkin'," Mellencamp continues, "our own way of talkin', our own way of doin' everythin'. You grow up thinkin' your shit doesn't stink, and it's a hard thing to deal with to learn you're just like everybody else."

When did he finally realize the honeymoon was over?

He grimaces, shouts for the bus to pull out, and then replies straight-faced, "Two years ago—*if that*. I'm 32 years old and I'm *just* wakin' up to the world like I am tryin' to this mornin'. Fella," he says, waving distractedly to the blondes as we slip into the New England woods, "it was one weird upbringin' like you never heard of, so lemme tell you *all* about it."

GROWING UP WEIRD

He was born John J. Mellencamp (the initial stands for nothing) on October 7, 1951, the second son of electrician's assistant Richard Mellencamp and the former Marilyn Lowe, one of three boys and two girls. It was a cold, dreary Sunday in Seymour, a tough city of 18,000 located in the center of the sloping farm country (corn, wheat, melons) of Jackson County. Founded in 1852, the district, originally known as Mule Crossing, was renamed for one J. Seymour, a railroad-construction superintendent who was persuaded under suspicious circumstances to route the present-day Baltimore and Ohio Railroad through the settlement. It was only fitting, then, that shady Seymour be the site—in 1866—of the nation's first train robbery, courtesy of the notorious Reno Gang. Six of their number were subsequently hanged from a beech tree by typically ornery Seymour vigilantes.

The town was still living up to its randy reputation on the morning of Mellencamp's birth, its citizenry far less concerned with the American war effort in Korea or the outcome of the Yankees-Giants World Series than with the indictment of the three young Black brothers ("Tudie," "Tiny," and "Babe") for the superbly brutal beating death of another man during a Saturday night brawl.

For the Mellencamp clan's part, father Richard and his three brothers (the eldest was run over by a car at 15) had a fierce reputation for holding their own in a fracas. John's Uncle Joe was the biggest and surliest of the lot, a six-foot-two football star at Indiana University in the 1940s who could "kick anybody's ass straight into the next week," according to his nephew. John's dad was always up for a slugfest, too, but he was more playful, impish, *and* horny in his off-hours. He enjoyed minor celebrity at Seymour High when it was learned that he was shacking up with one of his teachers, but in true Mellencamp style he pressed his luck for want of broader public acclaim.

"She was this cute girl just out of college, and he patted her ass up at the blackboard to show off," John remembers, "so she *broke bad* on him and humiliated him in front of his friends." A grave indiscretion in a small burg where social currency is predicated on giving adversaries their unbridled comeuppance.

"So he picks her up and is holding her out the third-floor window of the classroom by her feet, her skirt down over her face, her panties in the breeze, and she's screaming!" Cheerful shrug. "He got kicked out of school for a while."

Happily, Richard Mellencamp's introduction to his bride-to-be was a considerably more romantic chance encounter on an already eventful day.

"Dad was runnin' down the street in Austin, Indiana, on a Saturday afternoon, the cops chasin' him, and he knocked Mom over, pitched her right on her butt. What happened was Dad had gotten in a fight with some guys down in Austin, and two guys beat him up. So what did Dad do but *git* his brother Joe to go back and get them. Joe and Dad were beatin' the fuck out of four guys when the cops came. The cops got Joe, but Dad took off, and my mom was just walkin' out of a store when he hit her. She remembers that he had on a pair of jeans, a T-shirt, and a pair of loafers—the same fuckin' clothes I got on most of the time."

John was raised in a little brick cottage at 714 West Fifth Street, and the family attended the First Church of the Nazarene. "You couldn't dance, girls couldn't wear makeup or jewelry, no goin' to movies, no smokin' or drinkin', none of that. And the idea was for guys to go around wearin' clean white shirts all the time.

"The funniest story I ever heard about religion was from Larry's wife, Nancy, whose dad is a strict Nazarene. When she was in high school she used to go out and have a drink or smoke a joint, and then come home and feel so guilty about it that she'd get up in the middle of the night and go and see if her mom and dad were still in bed, because she was afraid that the second comin' of Christ had happened, and they came and took her parents but left her behind! That's true, *ditn't* Larry?"

"They had her half-crazy," Larry nods gravely as the bus lurches onto the interstate. "It seemed like anybody in Seymour who had an extreme personality and very religious parents was either crazy or one of the wildest people in town."

John and his troops began skipping out on services when they were 13, stealing away to smoke the brands of cigaOMNI STATION LISTINGS

KNAT	Albuquerque
KVII	Amarillo
WAGA	Atlanta
WBFF	Baltimore
WMGC	Binghamton
KTVB	Boise
WBZ	Boston
KWWL	Cedar Rapids
WVAH	Charleston/Huntington
WBTV	Charlotte
WMAQ	Chicago
WCPO	Cincinnati
WKYC	Cleveland
KLBY	Colby, KS
KRDO	Colorado Springs
WIS	Columbia, SC
WLTZ	Columbus, GA
WTTE	Columbus, OH
WNHT	Concord/Manchester
WRLD	Dallas/Ft. Worth
WHBF	Davenport, RI
KNGH	Denver
KCBR	Des Moines
WDIV	Detroit
WDIO	Duluth
KDBC	El Paso
WICU	Erie
KEZI	Eugene
WTVW	Evansville
KTHI	Fargo
WNEM	Flint
WBBH	Fort Meyers
WKJG	Fort Wayne
KSEE	Fresno
KJCT	Grand Junction
WXMI	Grand Rapids
WLUK	Green Bay
WGGT	Greensboro
WAXA	Greenville
KVEO	Harlingen
WTIC	Hartford/New Haven
KHON	Honolulu
KRIV	Houston
WFAT	Johnstown
KCTV	Kansas City
WTVK	Knoxville
WEAU	La Crosse
WFSL	Lansing
KVVU	Las Vegas
KOLN	Lincoln
KNBC	Los Angeles
KJAA	Lubbock
WISC	Madison
WMC	Memphis
WPLG	Miami/Ft. Lauderdale
WTMJ	Milwaukee
KSTP	Minneapolis/St. Paul
WJCT	Mobile/Pensacola
WCEE	Mt. Vernon
WCAY	Nashville
WDSU	New Orleans
WNEW	New York
KOKH	Oklahoma City
KETV	Omaha
WOFL	Orlando
WEEK	Peoria
KYW	Philadelphia
KPHO	Phoenix
WPGH	Pittsburgh
KOIN	Portland
WCSH	Portland, ME
KCRL	Reno
WOKR	Rochester
WQRF	Rockford
KRBK	Sacramento
KUTV	Salt Lake City
KFMB	San Diego
KRON	San Francisco
KCOY	Santa Barbara
KING	Seattle/Tacoma
KSLA	Shreveport
KSKN	Spokane
WTVH	Syracuse
WTWC	Tallahassee
WGTU	Traverse
KJRH	Tulsa
KDTU	Tucson
WPTV	W. Palm Beach
KXXV	Waco, TX
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rettes favored by the black R & B singers they idolized. He hung around the same street corners his dad did, sticking with the Steinkamp's beanery when it was re-christened Marilyn's, wolfing grilled cheese sandwiches, and gulping down the ever-present Big Red, a Waco, Texas–confected elixir developed (as Sun-Tang Red Creme Soda) during the Depression. In 1961 a name change was inspired by an impromptu abbreviation—"Go get us a couple of those Big Reds!"—yelled out by the San Antonio bottler's black golf caddy. Distribution of the streamlined product spread to Seymour, where a local bottler ensured that the "Drink a Big Red Instead" slogan became part of the regional vernacular.

Frosty helpings of the scarlet soda at hand, John and his friends haunted Silver's record store and the local Lyric outlet, rifling through the racks in search of black dance music. "The popular music of blacks," he says, "was somethin' we calculated that everybody in the area would hate," southern Indiana being a decidedly unliberal outpost whose racial sectarianism mirrored that of the rural Deep South. The first record Mellencamp ever purchased with his own money was "The Twist," Chubby Checker's 1960 hit, but his taste soon ran to more obscure, salacious fare.

At 14, he became a full-fledged church truant and beer hound, singing for $100 a week beside a 17-year-old black kid in an eight-man band called the Crepe Soul, doing covers of Sam and Dave hits at college mixers. He wore pegged pants, pointy Flagg Brothers shoes, Adler Thick and Thin sheer socks, and fake satin capes like James Brown featured in his Famous Flames–era stage antics.

By the mid-sixties, music had been eclipsed in Mellencamp's life by girls and fighting; nocturnal rallying points for either were at Bill's Auto at the corner of Second and Chestnut streets. That is, until the dawning of the discotheques. By the end of the decade, there was a circuit of teen clubs between Seymour and Indianapolis: the Scene, the House of Sound, the Sugar Shack, the Last Exit, and best of all, the Whiteland Barn, on which Mellencamp and his boys would descend every summer Sunday evening after an afternoon spent trolling for nooky along Starve Hollow Lake.

At this juncture in his adolescent passage, the blue-eyed soul-brother aesthetic had been supplanted by a kind of midwestern Ivy League dadaism, a gently absurd corruption of the collegiate look that fed furiously on itself.

"Basically," says Mellencamp, "it was Bass Weejuns with no socks, Gant shirts with button-down collars, baggy, pleated Cotler pants with cuffs, and Beatle-length hair, the bang *only* peroxided so that it looked like a chicken had shit on your head. We all carried gravity knives; I had about ten of them, one in every pocket. It wasn't that we were the meanest or most evil—it was the bluff, the image. The Whiteland Barn had a guy called the Wild Photographer who'd race around the dance floor takin' pictures of the sharpest people to put up on the wall, and the cool thing was to get yours up there.

"If you could dance, you were *happenin'*—it was respect immediately. And you don't wanna be dancin' to no fuckin' English bands—the Beatles and Paul McCartney were for your little sister; if you liked them you didn't tell nobody. The Stones and the Animals were okay, Mitch Ryder was all right, but we're talkin' soul music, Otis Reddin' and Mr. Dynamite—*Mis-ter* James Brown.

"But we really went there for one reason: to fight. If we could find a girl, great; and if you were a guy with a date, your girlfriend was the one we wanted. But fightin' was the main hustle."

Ballsy bravado was something also cultivated by the women in his world.

"These girls were as macho as Joan

"If we could find a girl, great; if you were a guy with a date, your girlfriend was the one we wanted. But fightin' was the main hustle."

Jett. They were *hot*," he exults. "They wore skirts crotch-short, with small, full halter tops, most of 'em brunettes with butt-length hair with two blond streaks runnin' all the way down, who did the bump and grind when they danced. At 16, they cussed, smoked cigarettes, and fucked. We didn't want girls who wanted to hold hands; we wanted girls who were goin' to treat us like we treated them: rough."

It was all part of a full-bore effort to postpone the inevitable—meaning resignation to a grinding life working on a farm, or in the imagination-numbing cacophony of factory shifts. The latter option was seen as the more colorful because of the prospects for close-knit comradery with fellow sufferers, but no one forgot the aching limitations.

John's coming of age was nearly identical to that of his father and his grandfather, Harry, a German immigrant who had to quit school after the second grade to help support the family—an ox of a man so pressured and undereducated that, even when he was well into his eighties, he could reconcile his shame with his rudimentary, kindergarten English only by "throwin' hands at the hint of a snub, the drop of a cap."

Escape from the cycle of static mobility and permanent belligerence, which arrived for the Mellencamps as father Richard finally advanced to a management position in a branch office of a national electrical-contracting firm, occurred just as new threats swept up against Seymour's brittle social order in the form of drugs and hippiedom.

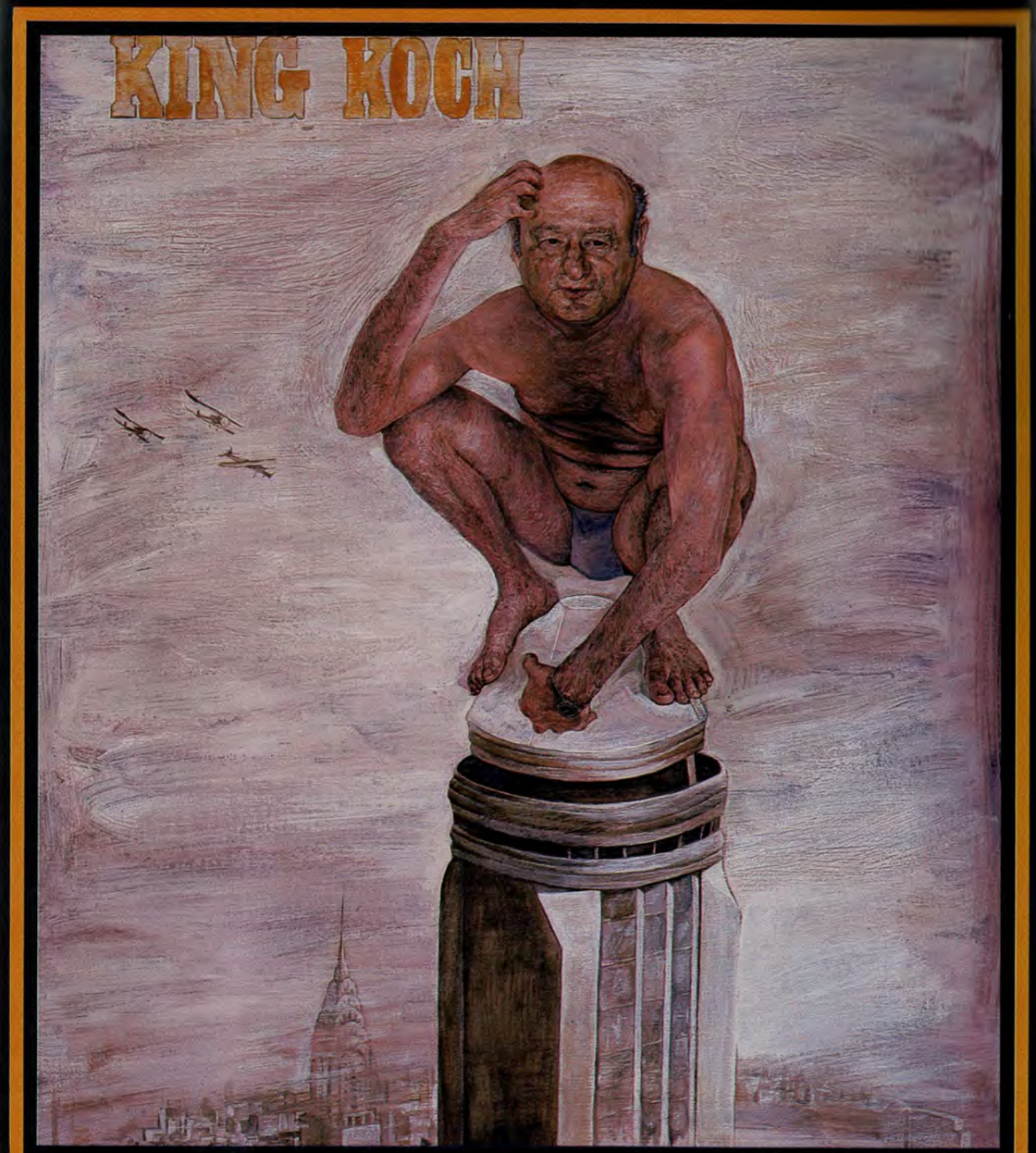
"We had a nice big home now, and money in the bank, but around 1968–69 everyone I knew went to hell, hair to their shoulders, barefoot, and not carin'."

At the mention of this point in his personal chronology, everyone on the band bus abruptly erupts into a galloping litany of horror stories, each one adding a downbeat anecdote to the sorry saga. One boot-wielding kid beat his old man so badly for bogarting a joint they'd been sharing that the parent had to be hospitalized; a local glamor boy became a fat, morose acid freak, losing his looks and, very nearly, his mind from an acute overdose; another youth, a seventh-grade comrade of Larry Crane's, succumbed from excess inhalation of Bactine. "Yup," Larry affirms, "*Bactine*. He was snortin' it from a plastic bag. It paralyzed his diaphragm, and he was instantly asphyxiated."

Not to be left behind, Mellencamp became the first student at Seymour High ever busted for narcotics after a teacher noted the hyperlassitude he and another friend had been exhibiting in class. "We'd only been on diet pills for five straight days," Mellencamp deadpans, "so his eye musta been real keen. We were hauled to the principal and a narcotics agent was waitin' there. They took us out to my friend's Volkswagen in a scene right out of *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, 'cause when they opened the van ten million little pills just fell out on the concrete."

Somehow, Mellencamp managed to stay in school and graduate, but his ambitions had dwindled to "drugs and Frisbee," with a side trip into marriage. On a whim, he eloped with Priscilla Esterline, the daughter of a factory foreman in neighboring Brownstown, who was a coed at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. The couple moved in with her folks, and John, who would spend two undistinguished years at Vincennes University, let Priscilla support him, continuing to focus his energy on dope smoking and Frisbee acrobatics.

In time, the local dances petered out for want of an even semiconscious clientele. On Friday and Saturday nights, Seymour fell eerily still, but for the steady drone in the distance of the weekly sprint-car races held near the city limits. When the time-capsule world of Seymour became too suffocating to endure, Mellencamp and a drunk-and-wired entourage of confederates would pilot a pickup truck out to the highway in the predawn, with a specially welded steel cage bouncing in the back compartment. Locating a



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 28

He doesn't have much of a heart
But Hizzoner is playing it smart:
He puts on a grand show
So the people below
Don't see New York's falling apart.

lonely stretch of blacktop, John would hop out and climb into the cramped human coop, which was affixed to the bumper of the truck by long lengths of heavy-gauge chains. The speedometer of the pickup would hover near 80 miles per hour, when the cage and its clammy cargo would be shoved out onto the highway, sparks soaring above the treetops as its occupant endured punishing jolts of adrenaline. Multiple sets of these five-minute runs could drag on for hours.

There seemed nowhere else to go, no other outlet or avenue for dashed ambition, until Mellencamp rediscovered rock 'n' roll in the mascara'd nihilism of the Velvet Underground, Lou Reed, the New York Dolls, Iggy Pop and the Stooges, and David Bowie's Ziggy Stardust, a leering android painted up to exemplify pointlessness. In 1972, John and Larry Crane dyed their hair blue and green and formed a group called Trash, John earning money for equipment from a job as a telephone-installation man. He wrote his first two songs, a Stooges-inspired raver called "One-Way Driver" and an ode to Lou Reed entitled "Loser"—"You're just grooves and black plastic and noise in the air/And nobody cares about the bleach in your hair."

At 23, Mellencamp was laid off by the phone company. Music being the only perceptible career option, he fell in with a clever lawyer who encouraged him to take out a $2,000 bank loan to finance a demo tape. The attorney took half the money as his "consultation fee," and the rest paid for sessions in a 16-track studio in New York City. Nothing came of what proved to be a costly caper; a year and a half later John was stuck with a slew of exotic bills. That's when he turned to his hero Bowie's manager, Tony DeFries.

A LOST CLASS RING

We are pulling into Albany, rumbling past the massive capitol building on Washington Avenue, where cantankerous boy-governor Teddy Roosevelt once railed against New York's sweatshops and oppressive factory working conditions. But that was in 1899 and, as Mellencamp is quick to add, giving his bleak summation of the current lot of grangers and rank-and-file workers in southern Indiana, "the industrial revolution is over, the dream is completely out of steam."

The pink houses his forebears struggled to buy are mortgaged to the hilt, the farms they sit on are facing foreclosure, and few politicians of presidential promise are raising persuasive voices for their plight.

"I grew up in a small town, and what I've succeeded in doing couldn't be more different than the lives of the people who surrounded me," he says, grim-faced. "I still live amongst them, 'cause it's the only place I feel comfortable, but I feel an increasing responsibility to tell their story. I don't feel much distance from my youth and all those experiences, but my commitment to my present is much greater than my regrets about the past."

With, perhaps, one minor exception:

"It's funny, but I was proud to graduate from high school, and I wish I still had my class ring. One of my girlfriends at the time—to this day she's still got it. I said, 'Aw listen, it's all over between us!' 'cause I wanted to start going out with college girls. She said, 'Fuck you, it ain't over,' and she stole my class ring and stuck it up her pussy!"

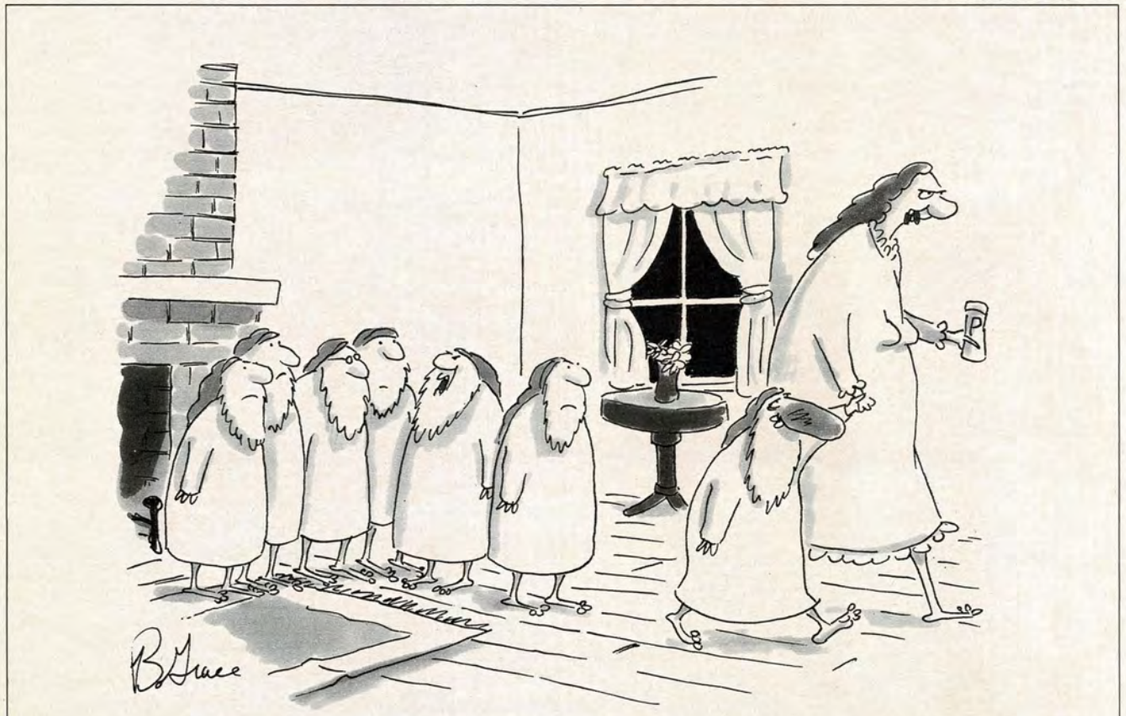
The bus booms with whooping laughter as we ease up to the hotel, Mellencamp so convulsed that tears roll down his ruddy cheeks. "*Goddorities!* I couldn't get it back unless I took her doggone pants down in front of everybody!"

"John Mellencamp," Toby Myers shrieks with mock disgust, "I can't *believe* you let a little thing like that stop you!"

BACK HOME

The following March, the first traces of spring have come to Bloomington, the thaw softening the stubborn ocher clay, farmers of the region dividing their discussion between Reagan's insensitivity, Indiana University basketball, and the combine-and-tractor demolition derby scheduled for the upcoming weekend, as they are hunched over peach cobbler

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147



"How come she always picks Sneezy?"

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

© HARD TIMES, INC. ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT VOL. 4, NO. 7

ONE FROM COLUMN A

PEKING (AP)—In southern China, live rats are being sold for about 50 cents a pound, almost twice as much as chicken, according to the official English-language newspaper, *China Daily*. As a good way to help keep down the population of those pests, which are said to consume 15 million tons of grain a year, the newspaper reported, marinated rat steaks and rat-skin shoes have become quite popular in some areas of rural China. "In Fujian Province, local people hail rat steak as the best steak in the world," the newspaper said, citing an article in the Chinese-language paper *Economic Information* (*The New York Times*)

Hold the MSG, please!—Editor

The Wrath of Underdog

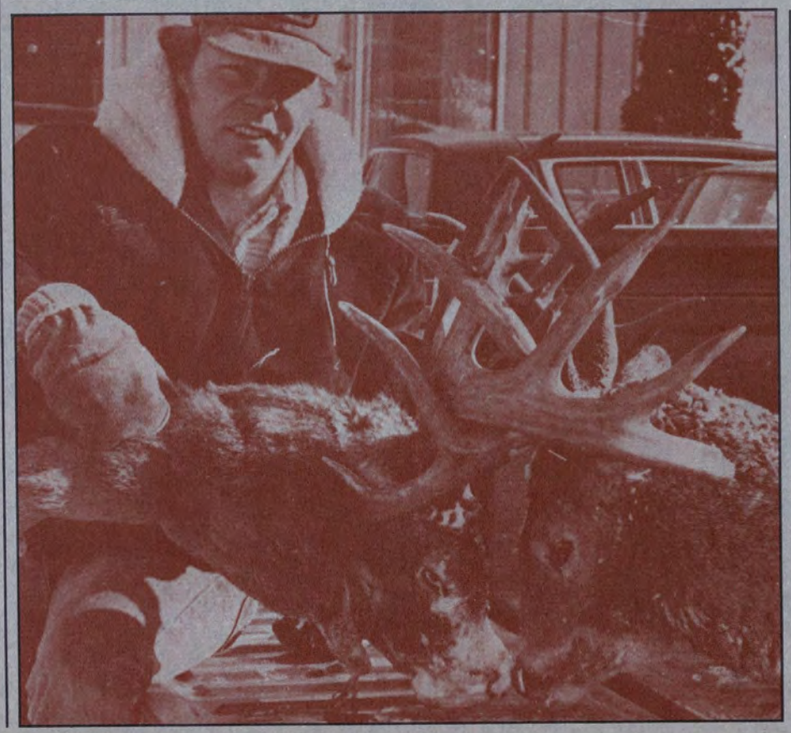
With a menacing look on his snout, Underdog, the giant Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade canine balloon, swept down into a crowd of spectators. Tricky winds were cited as the reason for the surprise attack. (*USA Today*—submitted by John Haner, Gresham, Oreg.)

At least he didn't piss on their parade.—Editor

SERPENT'S TOOTH DEPT.

Ninety-six-year-old Reade Earl and his 88-year-old wife, Edith, had their home of 40 years sold out from under them by their grandson Richard Gray. "When we took him in as a little boy and raised him, we never thought it would ever come to this over 30 years later," said Reade Earl. The Earls, who live in Westville, New Jersey, had signed the deed over to their grandson. They received no money but had to pay for utilities while Gray was supposed to pay the taxes and the sewer and water bills. The next thing they knew, the water and electricity were cut off for a few weeks, prompting a neighbor to run an extension cord to their home from two houses away so that the Earls would at least have some light and could run their heater. Then the grandson sold the house. "We don't want to move," said Mrs. Earl. "When we moved here, I said it would be our last move until we went to the cemetery, as morbid as that may sound." (*The Newark Star-Ledger*—submitted by Kostiuk, Elmwood Park, N.J.)

They better check to make sure they still have the deeds to their cemetery plots, or they may have to move after that.—Editor



MAN SHOOTS TWO-HEADED DEER

Ed Hall of Glidden, Wisconsin, bagged a trophy that was unlike anything ever seen in or out of hunting season. Hall brought the buck down with his bow and arrow only to discover that he had killed a ten-point buck that had the head of another buck entwined in its antlers. The second animal carried a 17-point rack. Wildlife officials believed that the two animals had locked horns during the rutting season and that the victor had pawed the head off the body of the other buck. (*Youngstown Vindicator*—submitted by Terry Lipply, Columbiana, Ohio)

After the rutting season, this is one buck that still gave good head.—Editor

Will Iron Panties Prevent Rape?

Harry Bouwhuis's intentions were honorable enough. The IGA meatcutter from Oshawa, Ontario, vowed to help protect women after learning about a Toronto teenager who was raped and slain. His solution to the rape problem: stainless-steel chain-link underpants with a brass padlock. The two-pound panties cost $179.50. Said Bouwhuis: "Our dream is to prevent rape worldwide." A Massachusetts firm is planning to manufacture the panties in a range of sizes. A model wearing the panties said, "They're very comfortable. I don't even know I have them on." The inventor advises women to wear the panties whenever they go out, even when they go to work or to run an errand. He suggests leaving the key to the padlock at home, to prevent the victim from being forced to unlock her defensive drawers. (*The Times*—submitted by Bob Stone, Bowmanville, Ontario)

The deluxe "Vigilante" model comes with a little guillotine in the crotch.—Editor

Getting the Book Thrown at Her

Constance Moore, 29, of California, was convicted of having 13 overdue library books. Ordered to perform a week of community service, she was taken to jail and fingerprinted. A deputy district attorney said, "She is not a horrible or terrible person. That is why she received community service. She could have been sentenced to six months in jail." One of the books Moore borrowed was entitled *How To Create Your Own Luck*. (*The Southland Times*—submitted by George Ishikata, San Francisco, Calif.)

It's good to know that those criminal types are finally being brought to justice.—Editor

WAY-OUT WEIGH-IN

T. J. Albert Jackson, 42, was the excess baggage aboard a flight from Miami to the Bahamas. Jackson, who is six foot four and 872 pounds, was wheeled to the plane by a skycap. (*Worcester Telegram*—submitted by Sam Jasons, Worcester, Mass.)

Jackson would like the window, aisle, and center seat in the eating section.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY EDWARD SOREL

YOU ALWAYS LOOK AT THE DARK SIDE.
HARD NOT TO IN THIS NUCLEAR AGE.
YEAH, PEOPLE ARE WORRIED. THAT'S WHY I'VE BOUGHT INTO A FIRM THAT MAKES TRANQUILIZERS.
ANOTHER THING: PEOPLE LIKE ME CAN'T AFFORD A DECENT PLACE TO LIVE.
I KNOW... THAT'S WHY I'VE INVESTED IN A TRAILER CAMP JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY.
BUT LOOK AT HOW FOUL THE AIR HAS BECOME... HOW TERRIBLE OUR WATER TASTES!
YES, I NOTICED THAT TOO, SON... TAP WATER REALLY TASTES TERRIBLE NOWADAYS...
...THAT'S WHY I BOUGHT STOCK IN A PLANT THAT BOTTLES SPRING WATER... AND IT'S GONE UP TWENTY POINTS!
Y'SEE, M'BOY, EVERY CLOUD HAS ITS SILVER LINING.
Edward Sorel

MELLENCAMP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

in a tiny truck stop.

Used to be that the biggest annual expectations resided with college sports hierarchies, crops, and Indiana U.'s Little 500 cycling race, immortalized in the movie *Breaking Away*. But there is a new buzz in the air as John Mellencamp rises from his late breakfast, joshing with the locals as he ambles out of the restaurant. He's recently completed construction, just up the road, of his own recording studio, dubbed the Belmont Mall, and word is he starts sessions in two days on the sequel to *Uh-Huh*, to be called *This Old World*. It's gonna have more songs on it that pick up where "Pink Houses" left off, songs about the pain of people who work the land and man the assembly lines, music that will make these folks feel just a little less like phantoms in a world now attuned to the privileged and to the cynical strivers who do their bidding.

The day is chilly and clear as John steers his crow-black Jeep along the muddy byways, the cow pastures, and the rusted Quonset huts on either side, which merge into a green-gray blur. He pauses to check on his state-of-the-art studio, which is being tested for its acoustics as staffers scurry around the rustic facility. The bustling new crew includes chiseled-featured Richard Mellencamp, retired from the electrical concern in which he had become an executive to run John's business office, and Priscilla Mellencamp, no longer John's wife but still his dear friend. ("Divorce don't mean you treat somebody you love as if they died," he says.) She's a close friend as well of his second wife of five years, the attractive blonde Vicki Granucci Mellencamp. The trio pitches in to raise Michelle, John's teenage daughter from the first marriage, and Vicki and John's preschool-age girl, Teddy Jo. (Vicki is currently expecting another child.) As with all else in this curious corner of the planet, these Hoosiers do things a mite differently, yet somehow it works out just fine, thank you.

Heading back to the wooded lakeside complex that is his home, a refuge furnished and decorated with elegant understatement, he walks to a wing enclosing an indoor pool.

He steps over to a cassette player and flicks it on, and a haunting, sinuous instrumental track issues forth as sunlight bathes the huge room. There are no vocals on the tape, but he cannot resist throwing his head back and supplying the words he's got thus far. It's a song called "Rain on the Scarecrow," an exploration of labors denied, desperate measures taken, and the ebb and flow of dignity under a tyranny of choicelessness.

Onstage, John Cougar Mellencamp moves with a self-assurance that is by turns a catlike tread, a cool swagger copped from Mr. Dynamite himself, and some sporadic bursts of the R & B dancefloor flair he had long ago honed in the Whiteland Barn. Inside, his brutish but handsome face showing the mounting creases of 33 years of intemperance, he's no less absorbing to behold. As he stalks and pirouettes in his Weejuns, jeans, and taut T-shirt, shutting his eyes and lifting his voice with unself-conscious emotion, the sight is extraordinarily moving:

There's rain on the scarecrow, blackbirds in the barn
Four hundred empty acres that used to be my farm
I worked this land like my father did
And I walked these fences while Grandpa held my hand. . . .
This land fed a nation, this land made me proud
And son I'm just sorry there's no legacy now
There's just rain on the scarecrow and blood on the plow.

(©Riva Music Inc. (ASCAP))

As the anthemlike music fades, the countenance of the forthright fellow who once dared to name an autobiographical LP *American Fool* shows a quiet satisfaction with his work-in-progress. Then he winces, recalling the boldness of the searingly honest turnaround record that brought him to this higher ground.

"Can you imagine if *American Fool* had stunk?" he asks quietly. "I mean with a title like that, I could have been *crucified*." Small smile. A growing chuckle. "But the original name was even worse. I've never told anybody this"—hesitant pause—"but the name of that record was gonna be 'I May Look Silly, But I've Still Got a Job.' "

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the taste is Kool. Because there's
only one sensation this refreshing.

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16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

Sweet chastity

THE DARK AND MENACING SILHOUETTE OF CASTLE DREER HAS HUNG OVER THE HISTORY OF TRANSYLVANIA FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, AND FROM ITS GORE-SOAKED RAMPARTS THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY HAS STARED OUT BROODINGLY ACROSS THE DREARY LANDSCAPE. THEY HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERY HEINOUS CRIME IN THE BOOK AND HAVE COMMITTED EVERY OUTRAGE KNOWN TO MAN UPON THE COUNTRY'S UNFORTUNATE INHABITANTS.....

....NOW, VINCENT, LAST OF THE FRANKENSTEINS, HAS PERPETRATED THE MOST DASTARDLY DEED OF ALL — HE HAS BECOME PRESIDENT OF TRANSYLVANIA! HE FITS INTO THE WORLD POLITICAL SCENE WITH EASE. BUT THAT'S NOT SURPRISING — SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORIES ON THE WORLD STAGE COULD GIVE HIM A RUN FOR HIS MONEY WHEN IT COMES TO CORRUPTION AND CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY!

I CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING. THE INTERESTS OF MY COUNTRY HAVE TO COME FIRST AND THE AMERICANS AND BRITISH ARE ALSO INTERESTED IN THE OIL EXPLORATION RIGHTS.

I'LL BET THOSE TWO BEAUTIES OVER THERE ARE QUIVERING WITH EXCITEMENT AT THE SIGHT OF ME!

OF COURSE NOT, BARON. THIS IS MERELY A TOKEN OF OUR ESTEEM!

WE, TOO, ARE MEN OF HONOUR. WE ARE ONLY INTERESTED IN FAIR TRADING AND HONEST COMPETITION!

FIRST THING I'M GONNA DO NOW WE'RE IN THE WEST IS JOIN THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT!

JUST BECAUSE I DON'T CONFORM TO YOUR PARTICULAR AESTHETIC STANDARDS DOESN'T MEAN I'M NOT A SEX OBJECT!

I MAY NOT TURN YOU ON BUT THERE MAY BE SOME LADIES OUT THERE WHO DREAM OF MEETING MY PHYSICAL TYPE!

YEAH! AN' THEN GET OUR HANDS ON SOME DECENT GIN AN' A COUPLE OF COWBOYS!

WE WON'T GET ANY ACTION WITH THE CREEPS AROUND HERE!

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

IN THE U.S.A. SWEET CHASTITY IS DOING A GREAT P.R. JOB AS TRANSYLVANIAN AMBASSADOR — AND WHEN YOU THINK THAT SOCIALIZING WITH POLITICIANS IS ABOUT AS REWARDING AND EXCITING AS WATCHING A CUCUMBER GROW, YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO HER FOR HER POWERS OF ENDURANCE!

THIS IS THE REAL AMERICAN HERITAGE — THE WEST! THE GREAT OUTDOORS! THE BIG COUNTRY! IT WAS PIONEERED BY MEN LIKE SAM GOLDWYN AND LOUIS B. MAYER!

IT WAS OPENED UP BY FRONTIERSMEN AND INJUN FIGHTERS! MEN LIKE JOHN WAYNE, RANDOLPH SCOTT, AND ROY ROGERS! LIVIN' ROUGH... CLOSE TO NATURE... WHERE A MAN'S A MAN.....IT'S LIKE.....ER.....

COKE

ICE CREAM

HOT DOGS

LIKE STIRRING YOUR COFFEE WITH YOUR THUMB'?

YEAH! THAT'S IT! YOU'VE GOT IT!

ANY OF YOU GUYS PACK THE JELLY BEANS?

SOMEONE SHOULD TELL HER THE RULES! ONLY THE BAD GUYS WEAR BLACK!

NOW THAT'S A SHOWDOWN AT SUNDOWN I'D LIKE TO SEE!

D'YA THINK THEY'LL EVER START MAKIN' WESTERNS AGIN, SHORTY?

WELL — EVEN JOAN COLLINS HAS GOTTA GROW OLD SOMEDAY, BUTCH!

BESIDES AROUSING THE INTEREST OF BIG BUSINESS AND NEGOTIATING SEVERAL SUBSTANTIAL LOANS FOR HER BACKWARD COUNTRY, SHE HAS ARRANGED PRESTIGIOUS TOURS FOR TRANSYLVANIAN ARTISTS, AROUSING GREAT INTEREST IN HER COUNTRY'S CULTURE.

WELL — IT MAKES MORE SENSE THAN STOCKHAUSEN!

AND MUCH EASIER ON THE EARS THAN BERIO!

A PRONOUNCED GUSTAVE DORÉ INFLUENCE, DON'T YOU THINK?

IT MAKES ME THINK OF THE NIGHT AFTER A HEAVY CHEESE AND WINE PARTY!

SHALL WE SEE IF IT'S STOPPED RAINING?

THE BARONESS ELEKTRA, WIFE OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, IS LESS INTERESTED IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE CASTLE DREER. SHE IS ENJOYING A RENAISSANCE OF IMPERIAL STATUS. WEALTH AND LEISURE HAVE ENABLED HER TO INDULGE HER PREDILECTION FOR EROTIC DECADENCE, SURROUNDED AND PROTECTED BY HER OWN REGIMENT OF HAND-PICKED GRENADIERS.

GOOD LUCK, SOLDIER! NOW YOU KNOW WHY OUR HEADS ARE SHAVED—IT'S TO STOP OUR HAIR TURNING WHITE OVERNIGHT!

OH, NO! NOT CHANGING THE GUARD ALREADY? WHERE DOES THE TIME GO?

I'M APPLYING FOR A MEDICAL DISCHARGE! I HAVEN'T GOT THE CONSTITUTION FOR THE MILITARY LIFE!

THIS RÉSUMÉ OF OUR PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS LEADS US TO THE FAITHFUL IGOR—NOW COUNT IGOR—BUT STILL DOGSBODY TO VINCENT.

THIS TASK COULD ONLY BE PERFORMED BY SOMEONE CLOSE TO ME—SOMEONE I TRUST!

IT MAY SEEM A MENIAL TASK, **COUNT** IGOR—BUT WHO ELSE COULD I ASK BUT MY TRUE AND LOYAL FRIEND?

IT'S AN HONOUR TO SERVE YOU, MR. PRESIDENT!

AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, JOHN VAIN—NOW BARON JOHN VAIN. THE FATES HAVE SINGLED HIM OUT AND ALTHOUGH HE DOESN'T KNOW IT AS HE ENJOYS HIS NEW STATUS AND A FLEET OF FAST SPORTS CARS, HIS LIFE IS ABOUT TO BE ALTERED—DRAMATICALLY!

YOU CRETINOUS NUMBSKULL! IF YOU'VE SCRATCHED MY PAINTWORK—I'LL SUE YOU FOR EVERY PENNY YOU'VE GOT!

IN RUSSIA, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF ALEXEI SADISTINOV, GRAND MASTER OF THE K.G.B. SPECIAL SERVICES BUREAU, IVAN PENISOVITCH IS BEING TRAINED FOR A SPECIAL MISSION.....

THIS IS WHAT ALL THIS RIGOROUS TRAINING IS FOR!

PUFF! BUT THAT'S... CASP!

MADE IN JAPAN

YES—SWEET CHASTITY—A POLITICAL PAWN IN THE GREAT GAME! SHE IS YOUR TARGET!

YOU ARE GOING TO DRAG HER DOWN FROM HER LOFTY PINNACLE AND TRAMPLE HER IN THE MUD!

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU A HERO OF THE SOVIET UNION!

BRRRRR! GASP! IF I LIVE THAT LONG!

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF RUSSIA, DIMITRI BOLOKOV, ASSISTANT TO SADISTINOV, IS PLANNING THE DOWNFALL OF ANOTHER PROMINENT TRANSYLVANIAN—NONE OTHER THAN THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF.....

YOU'LL GET TO FRANKENSTEIN THROUGH THE CREEP IN THE PHOTOGRAPH!

UGH! I'VE GIVEN MY ALL FOR MOTHER RUSSIA A THOUSAND TIMES—TO HALF THE POLITICIANS AND LEADERS OF WESTERN EUROPE!

AND NEVER ONCE DID I GET A CARY GRANT OR ROBERT REDFORD!

I'M SURE YOU'LL OVERCOME YOUR NATURAL REVULSION FOR THE SAKE OF MOTHER RUSSIA!

AND ANYWAY—IT'S BETTER THAN DRIVING A TRACTOR ON A SIBERIAN COLLECTIVE FARM!

USE ALL YOUR POWERS! SEDUCE HIM TOTALLY! I WANT HIM COMPLETELY BESOTTED—YOUR ABJECT AND GROVELLING SLAVE!

GET HIM TO THAT STAGE AND THE REST IS EASY!

AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT ONE FINE DAY, THE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE POINTED A BONEY DIGIT AT ONE—BARON JOHN VAIN...

...AND QUITE SUDDENLY, A LIFE OF BOREDOM AND FRUSTRATION WAS COMPLETELY CHANGED!

WHAT THE HELL?

SCREEEECH

I AM A RUSSIAN PRINCESS, SOB! KATRINA ROMANOFF! I HAVE CROSSED THE BORDER TO SEEK REFUGE IN YOUR COUNTRY!

TAKE PITY ON ME, SOB! HANDSOME STRANGER!

THIS IS AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN!

SHE CALLED ME HANDSOME!

JV 1

THIS IDIOT IS GOING TO BREAK MY NECK GETTING ME INTO THE CAR!

IT WASN'T A DREAM! I REALLY WAS RESCUED BY A HANDSOME STRANGER!

BUT...THERE IS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THOSE NOBLE FEATURES! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE AM I?

MY NAME IS JOHN VAIN—**BARON** JOHN VAIN—AND THIS IS A LITTLE PIED-À-TERRE THAT I KEEP AT CASTLE DREER!

OF COURSE! **THE** JOHN VAIN—THE MAN BEHIND THE PRESIDENT! OH, I'VE HEARD SO MANY THINGS ABOUT YOU! GENIUS, SOPHISTICATE, MAN OF THE WORLD.....

...AND...DARE I SAY IT?...GREAT LOVER!

IS THAT WHAT THE WORLD SAYS ABOUT ME? ARE YOU SURE YOU MEAN ME?

OH, DON'T MAKE FUN OF ME! I MUUST AN INNOCENT—A SIMPLE GIRL! I'M HELPLESS IN YOUR PRESENCE!

YOUR EYES! THEY MESMERIZE ME! I CAN'T CONTAIN MYSELF—YOU AROUSE STRANGE, NEW FEELINGS IN ME! I'M CONSUMED BY AN OVERWHELMING PASSION! TAKE PITY ON ME!

I SHOULD GET AN AWARD FOR A PERFORMANCE LIKE THIS!

THE GUY'S A PUSHOVER! BUT THEN, PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE—CAN YOU BE SURE YOU WOULDN'T BE? AFTER ALL, MEN HAVE BEEN ENSLAVED AND DOMINATED IN THIS WAY FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS AND EMANCIPATION IS STILL A LONG WAY OFF!

Passing On: Death Trivia
and an Epitaph Competition

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Die, my dear doctor? That's the last thing I shall do!

—Viscount Palmerston, prime minister under Queen Victoria, on his deathbed in 1865

Death. We are drawn to it like moths to a flame—at once repelled and compelled. Publicly we say it is "morbid, gruesome, sick," but privately we are fascinated and drawn to learn more. Our "quiz about death" in January brought much mail from readers, and requests for more of the same.

First, some general-information questions to test your death awareness, then a death-and-drugs quiz (answers on page 160), some famous last words, and a competition for epitaphs.

How did Dr. Guillotin die? What were Bing's last words? And what death jinx stalks Reagan?

DEATH TRIVIA

1. How did Catherine the Great, empress of Russia, come to her death?
2. How did Mama Cass Elliot die?
3. What Hollywood star tried to kill herself after she had a fight with Warren Beatty?
4. Lizzie Borden was acquitted of the 1892 ax murders of her mother and father in Fall River, Massachusetts. But according to the popular rhyme that presumed her guilt, how many strokes did it take her to do the deed?
5. On September 17, 1908, Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge became the first person to do something that thousands have done since. What was it?
6. If Ronald Reagan is alive on Inauguration Day, 1989, he will have broken a jinx that has stalked U.S. presidents since 1840. It has claimed William Henry Harrison, Abraham Lincoln, James Garfield, William McKinley, Warren G. Harding, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and John F. Kennedy. What is the jinx?
7. William Henry Harrison started this jinx by doing something that made his presidential term the shortest ever. What was it?
8. When Wilson Mizner was told that Calvin Coolidge, known as "Silent Cal," was dead, what was his reply?
9. How many coils are in a hangman's noose?
10. Which acclaimed playwright choked to death on a bottle cap?
11. What was the theme song of *M•A•S•H*—the movie and TV series?
12. Why is convicted murderer William Kemmler worth noting in a death trivia quiz?
13. How did Dr. Joseph Guillotin, pictured above, left, who gave his name to the guillotine, die?
14. "And now, in keeping with Channel 40's policy of always bringing you the latest in blood and guts, in living color, you're about to see another first . . ." What are the last three words of this quote, and why was it significant to Chris Chubbuck?
15. Mystery fans recognize *quicklime* as the chemical powder that murderers poured on their buried victims to make their bodies decompose faster. What's wrong with this assumption?
16. Who wrote a last will and testament that read, in its entirety: "I have nothing. I owe much. All the rest I give to the poor"?

ODs: Match the celebrities with the drugs blamed for their deaths.

THE VICTIMS

1. Lenny Bruce
2. Judy Garland
3. Dorothy Kilgallen
4. Jack London
5. Marilyn Monroe
6. Elvis Presley
7. Dylan Thomas

THE DRUGS

A. heroin
B. morphine and atropine
C. morphine
D. Demerol, Valium, codeine, antihistamines, and several other prescription drugs
E. Nembutal
F. chloral hydrate and barbiturates
G. sleeping pills

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Goodbye cruel world," "Et tu, Brute," "Rosebud." It isn't clear why we expect a person's last utterance to hold more significance than, say, his next-to-last—but we do. There's nothing like leaving the world with a good one-liner, and the well-prepared mortal will keep pen and paper handy to make sure the media get it right.

The best exit lines can be classified as Fade-to-Black, Wit's End, Mundane, or Perfect. (The last two categories are

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Newport

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Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

GAMES

also known as Too-Bad-To-Be-False and Too-Good-To-Be-True, respectively.)

The best Fade-to-Black line, in our opinion, was attributed to short-story writer O. Henry in 1910 ("Turn up the lights. I don't want to go home in the dark").

Wit's End. Lytton Strachey, the satiric British writer, reportedly bowed out in 1932 with, "If this is dying, I don't think much of it." Oscar Wilde, on his deathbed in 1900, supposedly said, "This wallpaper is killing me; one of us has to go," then left. Nancy Astor, when all her children assembled by her bed in 1964, said, "Am I dying, or is this my birthday?" Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, the philosopher, left in 1831 with a thinking man's farewell: "Only one man ever understood me," he said, and then, after a pause, added, ". . . and he didn't understand me." And Gertrude Stein, famous for her enigmatic poetry, reportedly signed off in true style by asking Alice B. Toklas, "What is the answer?" Then, after hearing no reply, she said, "In that case, what is the question?"

Some last lines are so uninspired, so Mundane, that they simply must be the truth. No press agent could ever come up with anything so ordinary as: "I have a terrific headache" (Franklin D. Roosevelt, 1945); "I'm so bored with it all" (Winston Churchill, 1965); or "That was a great game of golf, fellers" (Bing Crosby, 1977). Montgomery Clift's last words were "Absolutely not!" after someone asked him if he wanted to watch *The Misfits*, the film in which he starred with Clark Gable and Marilyn Monroe, on the late show.

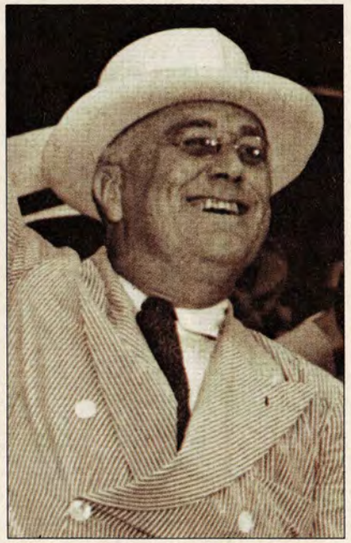
Finally, there are those quotes so Perfect, so right, that they deserve to be remembered always, without question:

When Henrik Ibsen's nurse remarked that he seemed to be a little better, he said, without opening his eyes, "On the contrary." He died later that day without saying anything more.

General John B. Sedgwick, a Union Army officer in the Civil War, was killed in mid-sentence in 1864. His dying words were: "They couldn't hit an elephant at this dist——"

"I am about to—or I am going to—die; either expression is used."
—Dominique Bouhours, grammarian, 1702

Pointing to his heart, he said, "Congestion." Then, feeling his pulse: "Stopped."
—Joseph Henry Green, English surgeon, taking his own vital signs, 1863



FDR: A headache to end all headaches.

"Are you sure it's safe?"
—William Palmer, prisoner, on gallows, 1856

HEADSTONES

Most people would like to write their own epitaphs, and occasionally some have. When, in the 1920s, the popular magazine *Vanity Fair* asked celebrities to compose their own, the results included: "Excuse my dust" from Dorothy Parker and "I would rather be living in Philadelphia" from W. C. Fields. (This was Fields's backhanded salute to his boyhood home. In fact, his tombstone reads: "W. C. Fields, 1880–1946.")

Other famous personalities have composed their own epitaphs, none of which, so far as we know, was ever used:

"I knew if I stayed around long enough, something like this would happen."
—George Bernard Shaw

"Back to silents."
—Clark Gable

"Pardon me for not getting up."
—Ernest Hemingway

"This is all over my head."
—Robert Benchley

"Here in nature's arms I nestle,/Free at last from Georgie Jessel."
—Eddie Cantor

"When I am dead/let it be said,/'His sins were scarlet/but his books were read.' "
—Hilaire Belloc

"*Feo, fuerte, y formal.*" (Spanish for "He was ugly, was strong, and had dignity.")
—John Wayne

COMPETITION NO. 6: EPITAPHS

All this leads to our new competition—this time for clever inscriptions to be chiseled into famous people's tombstones. (Porky Pig: "That's all, folks!"; Richard Nixon: "I lie"; Ronald Reagan: "I dye"; R2D2: "Rust in peace.") Can you do better? Submit one or two entries, no more, for any personality living or dead, real or fictional. Print your submission on a postcard (or a card enclosed in an envelope) with your name and address, and send it to *Penthouse* Competition No. 6, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Entries must be received by September 1, 1985. All entries become the property of *Penthouse;* none will be returned. The grand-prize winner will receive a Selectavision VKT275 VCR, and nine runners-up will receive $25. All ten will be awarded a one-year subscription to *Penthouse*.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 161

In the current issue of SPIN, Sting talks at length about the Police, his new group and his first solo album, and very candidly about himself.

In *Ali*, we pay an intimate visit to the former champion who has held our attention for 25, never-boring years.

SPIN also interviews The Edge, General Public, Nick Cave and Nik Kershaw. There are colorful, revealing looks at the Beastie Boys, Lone Justice, and a sensational group from Africa, Touré Kunda. Mike Mills of R.E.M. writes about Athens, Georgia, and pops the myth of that town as a magical breeding ground for musicians, and Henry Rollins of Black Flag gives a unique perspective on the music industry with his essay *Desperately Seeking Something . . .*

SPIN is an upbeat rock 'n' roll magazine, written intelligently, edited and designed boldly and permeated with an unapologetic sense of humor.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

said. I told him he made my juices run by just one look from those beautiful blue eyes. We lay there for a few moments, and then Stan got up and started to pull up his trousers. I reached over quickly and sucked his prick into my mouth. He tasted so fine that I didn't want to let go, ever again.

I knew he had a lot of work to do, so reluctantly I released his prick from my mouth and it disappeared back into his pants. He was due in court the next day and had to get back to the work at hand.

I told him that he was the only person in the world I would drive all the way downtown to be with, even if it was only for an hour or two. I knew I could be "bad" and lead him back into that office with the big sofa, but I also knew that his work was important to him and that I had to leave. I didn't want to, but I had to.

I mentioned to him that I thought it was horrible he had to work so late, and if he got tired, he could come to my house and rest on the softest sheets in the whole world. He told me if he was in my bed, he wouldn't leave it for days.—*Name and address withheld*

FAST AND FURIOUS

Our trip was finally planned. Two glorious days at a mountain resort. I could hardly wait. There seemed to be an unusual gleam in his eye as we boarded the plane. He explained to me that we were staying at a luxury hotel because it was closer to all the activities. Actually, as far as I was concerned we could stay in our room forever.

Our room was beautiful, with a big round bed and a mirror on the ceiling. He filled the large round tub with bubbles and laid out a complete outfit for me. While I was soaking, he told me he had to do a little shopping. As I was drying off and checking out the clothes, I realized he had something kinky in mind for tonight. On the bed lay a little black leather miniskirt, black hose with seams up the back, a red-lace garter belt, and just a little red T-shirt.

He finally returned. He wouldn't tell me where he planned to take me. "It's a surprise, baby," he said.

Going down the elevator was quite an experience. At first I was a little uncomfortable and embarrassed. I could feel the hair on my pussy brushing against the smooth skin of my inner thigh. The skirt was so tight, it kept my legs very close together. There was a guy in the elevator with us on the way down. He looked like a college jock, very well built. He certainly was getting an eyeful of me. I looked down at my tits. I hadn't realized that all this excitement had made my nipples hard as rocks. I looked at the jock, then my man. He always enjoys the attention I get. He smiled, then gently whispered in my ear, "You'd like to fuck him, wouldn't you?" I knew then that I was in for one hell of a night.

A cab was waiting for us outside. The driver let us off a few blocks from the hotel, in front of this little bar. It was the kind of place I'd never enter by myself. The anticipation of what was about to come was making my pussy very moist. I think my man knew what I was feeling.

In the middle of the dance floor there was a big ring with high-backed booths surrounding it. The room was crowded: men with long beards and dirty T-shirts stretched over their oversize beer bellies and several young girls with hard bodies who couldn't be a day over 20, if that. Everyone was drinking beer. My man guided me over to a booth up front with his hand on my ass, and then went to the bar to get our drinks.

Suddenly the lights went dim and a spotlight lit the entire ring. I noticed there was mud all over the floor just as these two beautiful bodies entered the ring. It was a female mud-wrestling joint.

I looked over at my guy and he tightened his fingers around the bare part of my thigh. One of the girls was blond with a great body. She was pretty muscular and had little tits. The other was a brunette with tits twice the size of mine.The bell rang and they were all over each other, rolling in the mud.

I was amazed at how stimulating it can be watching two women rolling around in mud. I felt my guy's dick under the table and it was definitely paying attention. Then he whispered to me that the only thing that would make this better was if it were me up there. I started to visualize myself in their situation. Before I knew what I was doing, I excused myself and walked over to the bartender and asked if I could join in.

He took one look at me and said, "Sure, lady. We can get you in the next round, but you'll have to change into one of the string bikinis we have in the back. You'd better hurry."

I went back and changed and waited for my cue. I was feeling pretty nervous as I looked at my near-naked body in the mirror. I closed my eyes and imagined how turned on my man was, and I rubbed my nipples with my fingers. The bell rang. Their fight had ended and I was up next. I went out and climbed into the ring. I must have looked pretty good, because the crowd went crazy.

The blonde with the great bod had proven to be the stronger of the two, so she and I went to our respective corners. As the bell rang she came at me, grabbing me and throwing me into the mud.

When I finally stood up, I got ahold of my little blond friend. She grabbed my top and ripped it off. It was really too small anyway, and my tits jumped out big and white because they were not yet covered with mud like the rest of me. The crowd went crazy. Suddenly I was able to pin her. I think she was overwhelmed by my tits, too. My man stepped into the ring and gave me a big kiss.

I went back to the showers to get cleaned up. I couldn't wait to get all the mud out of my hair. I just closed my eyes as the warm water ran through my hair and down my entire body. All of a sudden I felt a hand on my pussy and soap being spread over my swollen breasts. I opened my eyes and noticed that blondie had decided to help me get cleaned up. The brunette with big tits was working on mine as she explained that since I decided to be a lady mud wrestler, they'd have to break me in. I loved the attention I was getting. I thought of my guy, but quickly my mind returned to the blonde's fingers moving over my tits, up and down my thighs, and in and out of my pussy. Both their hands moved quickly over my slippery skin. I couldn't contain myself. I reached one of the most powerful orgasms I'd ever had.

When we got to our beautiful hotel room, my stud insisted that I continue wearing the garter and hose because he liked how sexy they made me look. He took off his clothes. His dick was hard. He poured himself a drink and sat on the edge of the bed. "Okay," he said, "tell me one more time what it was like."

As I recalled the event aloud, I fondled my breasts and rotated my hips back and forth. I raised my ass off the bed so he could get a good look at the juices starting to drip out. I told him how gently the girls touched my body.

He listened to every word. Every now and again I'd raise up my pussy to give him an eyeful. He called me his "good lover" and stroked my ass lightly. Then he lay on top of me and gave me the hardest, most passionate kiss. He shoved his hard, throbbing dick into my welcoming pussy. His thrusts were deep yet fast and exquisite.

I think the night was more pleasure than we could handle, because in less than ten minutes of fast and furious fucking, we climaxed together and fell asleep. The next night at our retreat was just as exciting, but that letter is forthcoming. —*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

CAMERA CREDITS

Our Pet of the Month, Angela Nicholas, who appears on page 75, was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T70 camera and Tiffen filters. Claudia Rüngen, who appears on page 46, was shot by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 500 and 80-200 zoom lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film.

GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

Answers:

DEATH TRIVIA

1. Despite equestrian rumors to the contrary, Catherine's demise was most unextraordinary. She had a stroke and died in her bathroom.
2. Although we repeated the "choked on a ham sandwich" story in this column, readers pointed out that this wasn't so. According to *Rumor!*, by Hal Morgan and Kerry Tucker, the original sandwich story appeared in *The New York Times* and *Rolling Stone* in 1974, but a week later the official coroner's report denied this and said that her death was from a heart attack brought on by obesity. We stand corrected—do you?
3. Natalie Wood, according to Lana Wood, author of *Natalie: A Memoir by Her Sister*
4. Eighty-one strokes. The legendary song went, "Lizzie Borden took an ax/ and gave her mother 40 whacks/When she saw what she had done/she gave her father 41."
5. Selfridge was the first to die in an airplane crash. The pilot of the two-seater plane survived the crash with a few broken bones and lived for many more years. His name: Orville Wright.
6. Since election year 1840, every U.S. president elected in a year ending in zero has died in office: Harrison was elected in 1840, Lincoln in 1860, Garfield in 1880, and so on.

What counts is the year of the election, whether it turns out to be only a first term (as with Lincoln in 1860 and Reagan in 1980) or whether it is a reelection (as with McKinley in 1900 and FDR in 1940).

7. Harrison delivered the longest inaugural speech—almost two hours—while standing in a cold Washington rain without coat or hat. He died of pneumonia exactly one month later.
8. "How can they tell?"
9. A hangman's noose traditionally has 13 coils of rope.
10. Tennessee Williams, 1983
11. "Suicide Is Painless"
12. He was the first person executed in an electric chair; Auburn, New York, 1890.
13. Guillotin died in his sleep. Despite popular opinion, he didn't invent the guillotine, but only publicized it as the most humane way to execute criminals of all classes.
14. ". . . an attempted suicide." These were the last words she spoke as a TV news presenter, before she shot and killed herself on live TV in Sarasota, Florida, in 1974.
15. Quicklime actually *preserves* flesh—it slows the rate of decomposition.
16. François Rabelais, French author, 1553

ODs

1-A, 2-E, 3-G, 4-B, 5-F, 6-D, 7-C.

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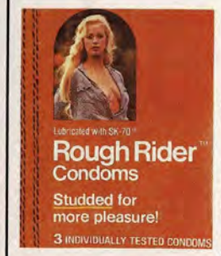

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COMING IN THE SEPTEMBER PENTHOUSE

THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT

Okay, guys! So you want to own your own classic auto . . . lavish your girl with a mink coat . . . and dash to the beach on the hottest new motorcycle—but how are you going to do it? Here's how! In next month's special 16th Anniversary Issue, we're repeating last year's supersuccessful Great Penthouse Treasure Hunt. Sprinkled throughout the magazine will be 16 easy-to-find clues that will put you on the road to winning one of our fantastic prizes. The Grand Prize is Classic Motor Carriages' $27,000 "Gazelle," a standout winner itself—as you can see on the left! And for more information, check out the special announcement on page 28!

THE REAL MARILYN MONROE

For more than 20 years, Marilyn Monroe's closest friend (and occasional lover) has kept secret the intimate details of the late sex goddess's life that he shared. Now he has at last decided to reveal the *real* Marilyn Monroe, the true story of how a totally unknown Los Angeles model became the world's most famous movie star. T. H. "Ted" Jordan, himself an actor, reveals, for the first time, how Norma Jean Baker set out on a relentless drive for stardom—a drive that included work as a part-time prostitute, liaisons with studio executives, and other desperate but successful strategies for her conquest of Hollywood.

EVERYTHING WOMEN WANT TO KNOW ABOUT SEX—BUT ARE NO LONGER AFRAID TO ASK

Fifteen years ago Dr. David Reuben's famous bestseller, *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex But Were Afraid To Ask* made him the world's No. 1 expert on sexuality. Now, based on the thousands upon thousands of letters he has received, Dr. Reuben explains to *Penthouse* readers what women most want to know about sex and answers these questions in an open, no-nonsense manner. If, like most men, you've occasionally found your girlfriend's feelings about sex to be puzzling, frustrating, or just plain weird, Dr. Reuben's article is for you!

THE 1985 PENTHOUSE NFL PREVIEW

Can the San Francisco 49ers repeat as Super Bowl champions? Will Miami again rule the roost in the American Football Conference? Will San Diego head coach Don Coryell frown more this season—and if so, how can you tell? Today's top pigskin prognosticator, Danny Sheridan (you've seen him on "The Today Show" and "Good Morning America"), reveals all in this new *Penthouse* feature.

CHILDREN AT WAR

In 1959, the United Nations declared that "Mankind owes to the child the best it has to give." But in the quarter-century since then, mankind has continued to abuse the world's children with a cruelty that defies all reason. In this shocking photo essay, *Penthouse* shows how kids who should be playing with toys are actually being used as soldiers or guerrilla "freedom fighters" by power-mad leaders around the world. And journalist Omar Rivabella explains how Dr. Joseph Mengele's sadistic experiments on children in Nazi death camps may have led directly to some of the horrors in today's Latin America.

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Lou Reed New York City 1985

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